

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
DIGNITY, CERTAINTY,
PLEASURE and ADVANTAGE,
OF THE
SCIENCE
OF A
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. *RICHARDSON*.

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

Lucan.

L O N D O N:

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DISCOURS

DIGNITY, CERTAINTY,

PLACED BY THE

SCIENCE

CONVULSION

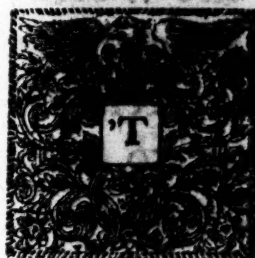
BY THE

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A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
DIGNITY, &c.



IS remarkable that in a Countrey as Ours, Rich, and abounding with Gentlemen of a Just, and Delicate Taste, in Musick, Poetry, and all kinds of Literature; Such fine Writers! Such Solid Reasoners! Such Able Statesmen! Gallant Soldiers! Excellent Divines, Lawyers, Physicians, Mathematicians, and Mechanicks! and yet so few! so very

few Lovers, and *Connoisseurs* in Painting!

In Most of these particulars there is no Nation under Heaven which we do not excel; In Some of the Principal most of them are Barbarous compar'd with us; Since the Best times of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* when this Art was in its greatest Esteem, and Perfection, such a National Magnanimity as seems to be the Characteristic of our Nation has been lost in the World; And yet the Love, and Knowledge of Painting, and what has Relation to it bears no proportion to what is to be found not only in *Italy*, where they are all Lovers, and Almost all *Connoisseurs*, but in *France*, *Holland*, and *Flanders*.

Every Event in the Natural, and Moral World has its Causes, which are caus'd by other Causes, and so on up to the first Cause, the Immutable, and Unerring Will, without

out which not so Inconsiderable an Accident (as it will be call'd) as the falling of a Sparrow, or the change of the Colour of a Single Hair can happen; So that there is nothing Strange: What is commonly the Subject of Admiration is So for no other reason but that we don't see its Causes, nor remember it must needs have had such, and which must as Infallibly operate in That manner as those we see, and which are most Ordinary, and Familiar to us. We are apt to wonder (for example) that Such a Man got Such an Estate, or that Another had so Little, whereas did we see all the Causes we should see it could not have been otherwise: There goes a great many of These to the producing such an Event, I mean those that may be said to stand in Front, and not in Depth, Those that are Concomitant, such as the Man's Opportunities, Humour, a certain mixture

ture of Abilities; he may be Well qualify'd in Some respects, Deficient in Others, and abundance of other Circumstances always operating at the Same Instant, I say I mean These, and not Their Causes, and the Causes of Those Causes, and so on: And these being known, and weigh'd, the Wonder ceases; it must needs have happen'd thus: The *Mercury* in the Tube will Rise and Fall just as the composition of the Atmosphere happens to be. That so Few here in *England* have consider'd that to be a Good *Connoisseur* is fit to be part of the Education of a Gentleman, That there are so Few Lovers of Painting; not merely for Furniture, or for Ostentation, or as it Represents their Friends, or Themselves; but as it is an Art capable of Entertaining, and Adorning their Minds As much as, nay perhaps More than Any other whatsoever; This Event also has its Causes,

ses, To remove which, and consequently their Effects, and to procure the contrary Good is what I am about to Endeavour, and hope in some measure to Accomplish.

Nor is this a Trivial Undertaking; I have already been giving the Principles of it, and Here I recommend a NEW SCIENCE to the World, Or one at least little known, or consider'd as such: So New, or so little Known that 'tis yet without a Name; it may have one in time, till then I must be excus'd when I call it, as I do, *The Science of a Connoisseur* for want of a Better way of expressing my self: I open to Gentlemen a New Scene of Pleasure, a New Innocent Amusement; and an Accomplishment which they have yet scarce heard of, but no less worthy of their Attention than most of those they have been accustomed to acquire. I offer to my Countrey a Scheme by
which

which its Reputation, Riches, Virtue, and Power may be increased. And This I will do (by the help of God) not as an Orator, or as an Advocate, but as a strict Reasoner, and so as I am verily persuaded will be to the Conviction of every one that will impartially attend to the Argument, and not be prejudiced by the Novelty of it, or their own former Sentiments.

My present business then in short is to endeavour to persuade our Nobility, and Gentry to become Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs*; Which I crave leave to do (with all Humility) by shewing the Dignity, Certainty, Pleasure, and Advantages of that Science.

One of the principal Causes of the General neglect of the Science I am treating of I take to be, that very few Gentlemen have a Just Idea of Painting; 'Tis commonly taken to be an Art whereby Nature is
to

to be represented; a fine piece of Workmanship, and Difficult to be perform'd, but produces only pleasant Ornaments, mere Superfluities.

This being all they expect from it no wonder they look no farther; and not having apply'd themselves to things of this nature, overlook Beauties which they do not hope to find; So that many an Excellent Picture is pass'd over, and disregarded, and an Indifferent, or a Bad one admired, and that upon Low, and even Trivial Considerations; from whence arises naturally an Indifference, if not a Contempt for the Art, at best a degree of Esteem not very considerable: Especially since there are (comparatively) so Few Pictures in which is to be found Nature represented, or Beauty, or even fine Workmanship.

Tho' I have already in the entrance of my Theory of Painting, and indeed throughout all I have
B published

published endeavour'd to give the World a just Idea of the Art, I will in This place more particularly attempt it, as being very pertinent to my Present Design; And perhaps it may be some Advantage (as we find 'tis to Pictures,) to place it in Several Lights.

PAINTING is indeed a Difficult Art, productive of Curious pieces of Workmanship, and greatly Ornamental; and its Business is to represent Nature. Thus far the Common Idea is just; Only that 'tis More Difficult, More Curious, and More Beautifull than is Commonly Imagin'd.

'Tis an entertaining thing to the Mind of Man to see a fine piece of Art in Any kind; and every one is apt to take a sort of Pride in it as being done by one of his Own Species, to whom with respect to the Universe he stands related as to one of the Same Countrey, or the Same Family.

Family. Painting affords us a great Variety of This kind of Pleasure in the Delicate, or Bold management of the Pencil; in the mixture of its Colours, in the Skilful Contrivance of the several parts of the Picture, and infinite Variety of the Tincts, so as to produce Beauty, and Harmony. This alone gives great Pleasure to those who have learn'd to see these things. To see Nature justly represented is very Delightfull, (supposing the Subject is well chosen) It gives us pleasing Ideas, and Perpetuates, and Renews them; whether by their Novelty, or Variety; or by the consideration of our own Ease, and Safety, when we see what is Terrible in themselves as Storms, and Tempests, Battels, Murthers, Robberies, &c. Or else when the Subject is Fruit, Flowers, Landscapes, Buildings, Histories, and above all our Selves, Relations, or Friends.

Thus far the Common Idea of Painting goes, and this would be enough if these Beauties were seen, and consider'd as they are to be found in the Works of the Best Masters (whether in Paintings, or Drawings) to recommend the Art. But This is such an Idea of it as it would be of a Man to say He has a Graceful, and Noble Form, and performs many Bodily Actions with great Strength, and Agility, without taking his Speech, and his Reason into the Account.

The Great, and Chief Ends of Painting are to Raise, and Improve Nature; and to Communicate Ideas; not only Those which we may receive Otherwise, but Such as without this Art could not possibly be Communicated; whereby Mankind is advanced higher in the Rational State, and made Better; and that in a Way, Easy, Expeditious, and Delightful.

The

The business of Painting is not only to represent Nature, but to make the Best Choice of it; Nay to Raise, and Improve it from what is Commonly, or even Rarely Seen, to what never Was, or Will be in Fact, tho' we may easily conceive it Might be. As in a good Portrait, from whence we conceive a better Opinion of the Beauty, Good Sense, Breeding, and other Good Qualities of the person than from seeing Themselves, and yet without being able to say in what particular 'tis Unlike: for Nature must be ever in view;

*Unerring Nature still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light;
Life, Force, and Beauty must to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Test of
Art:*

*That Art is best which most resembles her,
Which still presides, yet never does appear.*

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I believe there never was such a
race of Men upon the face of the
Earth,

Earth, never did Men Look, and Act-like those we see represented in the works of *Raphael*, *Michelangelo*, *Corregio*, *Parmeggiano*, and others of the best Masters, yet Nature appears throughout; we Rarely, or Never see such Landscapes as those of *Titian*, *Annibale Carracci*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Claude Lorrain*, *Rubens*, &c. Such Buildings and Magnificence as in the Pictures of *Paolo Veronese*, &c. but yet there is nothing but what it may easily be conceiv'd may be. Our Ideas even of Fruits, Flowers, Insects, Draperies, and indeed of all Visible things, and of some that are Invisible, or Creatures of the Imagination are Rais'd, and Improv'd in the hands of a good Painter; and the Mind is thereby fill'd with the Noblest, and therefore the most Delightfull Images. The Description of one in an Advertisement of a News-paper is Nature, so is a Character

racter by my Lord *Clarendon*, but 'tis Nature very differently managed.

I own there are Beauties in Nature which we cannot reach; Chiefly in Colours, together with a certain Spirit; Vivacity, and Lightness; Motion alone is a Vast Advantage; it occasions a great degree of Beauty purely from that Variety it gives; so that what I have said elfewhere is true, 'Tis impossible to Reach Nature by Art; But This is not inconsistent with what I have been saying just now; Both are True in different Senses. We cannot reach what we see before us, and attempt to Imitate, but we Can carry our Ideas, so far beyond what we have seen, that tho' we fall short of executing them with our hands, what we do will nevertheless excel Common Nature, Especially in Some particulars, and those very considerable ones.

When I say Nature is to be Rais'd,
and

and Improv'd by Painting it must be understood that the Actions of Men must be represented better than probably they Really were, as well as that their Persons must appear to be Nobler, and more Beautiful than is Ordinarily seen. In treating a History a Painter has Other Rules to go by than a Historian, whereby he is as much Oblig'd to Imbellish his Subject, as the other is to relate it Justly.

Not only such Ideas are convey'd to us by the help of This Art as merely give us Pleasure, but such as Enlighten the Understanding, and put the Soul in Motion. From hence are learn'd the Forms, and Properties of Things, and Persons, we are Thus inform'd of Past Events; by This means Joy, Grief, Hope, Fear, Love, Aversion, and the other Passions, and Affections of the Soul are excited, and above all we are not only Thus Instructed in
what

what we are to Believe, and Practise ; but our Devotion is inflamed, and whatever may have happen'd to the contrary it may Thus also be Rectify'd.

Painting is another sort of Writing, and is subservient to the Same Ends as that of her younger Sister ; That by Characters can communicate Some Ideas which the Hieroglyphic kind cannot, As This in other respects supplies its Defects ;

And the Ideas thus convey'd to us have This advantage, They come not by a Slow Progression of Words, or in a Language peculiar to One Nation only ; but with such a Velocity, and in a Manner so Universally understood that 'tis something like Intuition, or Inspiration ; As the Art by which 'tis effected resembles Creation ; Things so considerable, and of so great a Price, being produced out of Materials so Inconsiderable, of a Value next to nothing.

C

What

What a Tedious thing would it be to describe by Words the View of a Countrey, (that from *Greenwich* hill for instance) and how imperfect an Idea must we receive from hence! Painting shews the thing Immediately, and Exactly. No Words can give you an Idea of the Face, and Person of one you have never seen; Painting does it Effectually; with the addition of so much of his Character as can be known from thence; and moreover in an instant recalls to your memory, at least the most Considerable particulars of what you have heard concerning him, or occasions that to be told which you have never heard.

Bellori in the Life of Annibale Carracci. *Agostino Caracci* discoursing one day of the Excellency of the Ancient Sculpture was profuse in his Praises of the *Laacoon*, and observing his Brother *Annibale* neither spoke, nor seem'd to take any notice of what he said, reproach'd

proach'd him as not enough esteeming so Stupendious a Work: He then went on describing every particular in that Noble Remain of Antiquity. *Annibale* turn'd himself to the Wall, and with a piece of Charcoal drew the Statue as exactly as if it had been before him: The rest of the company were surpriz'd, and *Agostino* was silenc'd; confessing his Brother had taken a more Effectual way to demonstrate the Beauties of that wonderful peice of Sculpture: *li Poeti dipingono con le Parole, li Pittori parlano con l'Opere* said *Annibale*.

When *Marius* being driven from *Rome* by *Sylla* was Prisoner at *Minturnæ*, and a Soldier was sent to Murther him, upon his coming into the room with his Sword drawn for that purpose, *Marius* said aloud
 Σὺ δὴ τολμᾷς ἀνθρώπε Γάϊον Μάριον ἀναι-
 ρῆναι *Darest thou Man kill Caius Mar-*
rius, which so terrify'd the Russian
 C 2 that

that he retired without being able to effect what he came about. This Story, and all that *Plutarch* has wrote concerning him, gives me not a greater Idea of him than one glance of the eye upon his Statue that I have seen; 'tis in the Noble Collection of Antiques at my Lord *Lemster's* Seat at *Torcester* in *Northamptonshire*. The *Odysses* cannot give me a greater Idea of *Ulysses* than a Drawing I have of *Polydore*, where he is discovering himself to *Penelope*, and *Telemachus* by bending the Bow. And I conceive as highly of *St. Paul* by once walking through the Gallery of *Rafaëlle* at *Hampton Court*, as by reading the whole Book of the Acts of the Apostles tho' written by Divine Inspiration. So that not only Painting furnishes us with Ideas, but it carries that matter Farther than any Other way whatsoever.

The business of History is a Plain,
and

and Just relation of Facts; 'tis to be an Exact Picture of Humane Nature.

Poetry is not thus confin'd, but provided Natural Truth is at the bottom Nature must be Heighten'd, and Improv'd, and the Imagination fill'd with Finer Images than the Eye Commonly sees, or in Some cases Ever can, whereby the Passions are more Strongly touch'd, and with a greater degree of Pleasure than by plain History.

When we Painters are to be Rally'd upon account of the Liberties we give to our Inventions, *Horace's Pictoribus atque Poetis* never fails. We own the Charge; but then the Parallel must be understood to consist in such a departure from Truth as is Probable, and Such as Pleases and Improves, but deceives No body.

The Poets have Peopled the Air, Earth, and Waters with Angels, Flying Boys, Nymphs, and Satyrs; they

they have Imagin'd what is done in Heaven, Earth, and Hell, as well as on this Globe, and which could never be known Historically; their very Language, as well as their Measures, and Rhimes must be above what is in Common use. The *Opera* has carried this matter Still farther, but so far as that being beyond Probability it touches not as Tragedy does, it ceases to be Poetry, and degenerates into mere Shew, and Sound; if the Passions are affected 'tis from Thence, tho' the Words were not only heard distinctly, but understood. (By the way) let it be consider'd in This Light, Let the Opera be consider'd as Shew, and Musick, One of the Instruments being a Humane Voice, the Common Objection to its being in an Unknown Tongue falls to the Ground.

As the Poets, so the Painters have stor'd our Imaginations with
Beings,

Beings, and Actions that never were; they have given us the Finest Natural, and Historical Images, and that for the same End, to Please, whilst they Instruct, and make men Better. I am not dispos'd to carry on the Parallel, by descending to Particulars, nor is it my Present business: Mr. *Dryden* has done it, tho' it were to be wish'd he had been in less Haste, and had understood Painting better when his Fine Pen was so employ'd.

Sculpture carries us yet farther than Poetry, and gives us Ideas that no Words can: Such Forms of things, such Airs of Heads, such Expressions of the Passions that cannot be describ'd by Language.

It has been much disputed which is the most Excellent of the two Arts, Sculpture, or Painting, and there is a Story of its having been left to the determination of a Blind man, who gave it in favour of the Latter

ter, being told that what by Feeling seem'd to him to be Flat, appear'd to the Eye as Round as its Competitor. I am not satisfy'd with This way of deciding the Controversy. For 'tis not the Difficulty of an Art that makes it preferable, but the Ends propos'd to be serv'd by it, and the Degree in which it does That, and then the Less Difficulty the Better.

Now the great Ends of both these Arts is to give Pleasure, and to convey Ideas, and that of the two which best answers Those Ends is undoubtedly preferable; And that this is Painting is Evident, since it gives us as great a degree of Pleasure, and all the Ideas that Sculpture can, with the Addition of Others; and this not only by the help of her Colours; but because she can express many things which Brass, Marble, or other Materials of that Art cannot, or are not so Proper
for.

for. A Statue indeed is seen all round, and this is one great Advantage which 'tis pretended Sculpture has, but without reason: If the Figure is Seen on every Side, 'tis Wrought on every Side, 'tis then as so many several Pictures, and a hundred Views of a Figure may be Painted in the time that that Figure is cut in Marble, or cast in Brass.

As the business of Painting is to Raise, and Improve Nature, it answers to Poetry; (tho' upon Occasion it can also be Strictly Historical) And as it serves to the Other, more Noble End, this Hieroglyphic Language completes what Words, or Writing began, and Sculpture carried on, and Thus perfects all that Humane Nature is capable of in the communication of Ideas 'till we arrive to a more Angelical, and Spiritual State in another World.

I believe it will not be unacceptable

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able

able to my Readers if I illustrate what I have been saying by Examples, and the rather because they are very Curious, and very little Known.

Villani in his *Florentine History* lib. 7. cap. 120, 127. says, that Anno 1288 there were great divisions in the City of *Pisa* upon account of the Sovereignty; One of the Parties was headed by the Judge *Nino di Gallura de 'Visconti*; the Chief of Another Party was Count *Ugolino de 'Gherardeschi*; and the Archbishop *Ruggieri* of the Family of the *Ubalдини* was at the head of the Third Party, in which were also the *Lanfranchi*, the *Sigismondi*, the *Gualandi*, and others; the two first of these Parties were *Guelfs*, the other *Ghibellines*, (Factions that at that time, and for many years before, and after made dismal havoc in *Italy*.) Count *Ugolino* to get the Power into his Own hands, caball'd

Secretly with the Archbishop to ruin the Judge, who never suspected that, He being a *Guelf* as the Count was, and moreover his near Relation; however the thing was effected; the Judge, and his Followers were driven out of *Pisa*, and thereupon went to the *Florentines*, and stir'd Them up to make War upon the *Pisans*: These in the mean time submitted themselves to the Count, who thus became Lord of *Pisa*. But the number of the *Guelfs* being diminish'd by the departure of the Judge, and his Followers; and That Faction growing daily weaker, and weaker, the Archbishop laid hold of the Opportunity, and betray'd Him in His turn; he put it into the heads of the Populace that the Count intended to give up their Castles to their Enemies the *Florentines*, and *Luccheses*: This was easily swallow'd; the Mobb suddenly rose, and ran

with great Fury to the Palace, which they soon gain'd with little loss of Blood; their new Sovereign they clapt up in a Prison, together with his two Sons, and two Grandsons; and drove all the rest of his Family, and Followers, and in general all the *Guelfs* out of the City. A few Months after This the *Pisans* being become deeply engaged in the Intestine War of the *Guelfs* and *Ghibellines*, and having chose Count *Guido de Montifeltro* for their General, the Pope excommunicated Them, and Him, and all his Family: This incens'd them the more against Count *Ugolino*, so that having seen the Gates of the Prison well secur'd, they flung the Keys into the River *Arno*, to the end that none might relieve Him, and his Children with Food; who therefore in a few Days perish'd by Famine. This farther Circumstance of Cruelty was exercis'd on the Count;

Count; he was denied either Priest, or Monk to Confess him, tho' he begg'd it of his Enemies with bitter Cries.

The Poet carries this Story farther than the Historian could, by relating what pass'd in the Prison. This is *Dante*, who was a young man when this happened, and was Ruin'd by the Commotions of these times. He was a *Florentine*, which City after having been long divided by the *Guelf*, and *Ghibelline* Faction at last became intirely *Guelf*: But This Party then split into two others under the Names of the *Bianchi*, and the *Neri*, the Latter of which prevailing, Plunder'd, and Banish'd *Dante*; not because he was of the Contrary Party, but for being Neuter, and a Friend to his Countrey.

*When Virtue fails, and Party-heats endure
The Post of Honour is the Least Secure.*

This

This great Man (in the 33d Canto of the 1st part of his *Comedia*) in his Passage thro' Hell, introduces Count *Ugolino* knawing the Head of this Treacherous, and Cruel Enemy the Archbishop, and telling his own sad Story. At the appearance of *Dante*.

La bocca solleuò dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator, &c.

*He from the Horrid Food his Mouth withdrew,
And wiping with the Clotted, Offal hair
His shudd'ring Lips, raising his Head thus spake.*

*You will compel me to renew my Grief
Which e're I speak oppresses my sad Heart;
But if I Infamy accumulate*

*On him whose Head I knaw, I'll not forbear
To speak tho' Tears flow faster than my Words.*

*I know not who you are, nor by what power,
Whether of Saints, or Devils you hither came,
But by your Speech you seem a Florentine;
Know then that I Count Ugolino am,
Archbishop Ruggieri this, which known
That I by him Betray'd was put to Death
Is needless to relate, you must have heard;
But what must be unknown to Mortal Men,
The cruel Circumstances of my Death,
These I will tell, which Dreadful Secret known
You will conceive how Just is my Revenge.*

*The ancient Tower in which I was confin'd,
And which is now the Tower of Famine call'd,*

Had

*Had in her Sides some Symptoms of decay,
Through these I saw the first approach of morn,
After a restless night, the first I slept
A Prisoner in its Walls; Unquiet Dreams
Oppress'd my lab'ring Brain. I saw this Mar
Hunting a Wolfe, and her four little Whelps
Upon that ridge of Mountains which divides
The Pisan Lands from those which Lucca claims;
With Meagre, Hungry Dogs the Chase was made,
Nor long continued, quick they seiz'd the Prey,
And tore their Bowels with remorseless Teeth.*

*Soon as my broken Slumbers fled, I heard
My Sons (who also were confin'd with me)
Cry in their troubled Sleep, and ask for Bread:
O you are Cruel if you do not weep
Thinking on that, which now you well perceive
My Heart divin'd; If this provoke not Tears
At what are you accustomed to weep?*

*The hour was come when Food should have been
brought,*

*Instead of that, O God! I heard the noise
Of creaking Locks, and Bolts, with doubled force
Securing our Destruction. I beheld
The Faces of my Sons with troubled Eyes;
I Look'd on them, but utter'd not a Word;
Nor could I weep; They wept, Anselmo said
(My little, dear Anselmo) What's the matter
Father, Why look you so? I wept not yet,
Nor spake a Word that Day, nor following Night.*

*But when the Light of the succeeding Morn
Faintly appear'd, and I beheld my Own
In the four Faces of my Wretched Sons
I in my clenched Fists fasten'd my Teeth:
They judging 'twas for Hunger rose at once,
You Sir have gi'n us Being, you have cloath'd
Us with this miserable Flesh, 'tis yours,*

Sustain

*Sustain your Self with it, the Grief to Us
Is less to Dye, than thus to see your Woes.
Thus spake my Boyes: I like a Statue then
Was Silent, Still, and not to add to Theirs
Doubled the weight of my Own Miseries:*

*This, and the following Day in Silence pass'd.
Why Cruel Earth dost thou not open then!*

*The Fourth came on; my Gaddo at my Feet
Cry'd Father help me; said no more but dy'd:
Another Day two other Sons expir'd;
The next left me alone in Woe; Their Grievs
Were ended. Blindness now had seiz'd my Eyes;
But no Relief afforded; I saw not
My Sons, but grop'd about with Feeble hands
Longing to touch their Famish'd Carcasses,
Calling first One, then T'other by their Names,
'Till after two Days more what Grief could not
That Famine did. He said no more, but turn'd
With baleful Eyes distorted all in haste,
And seiz'd again, and gnaw'd the mangled Head.*

The Historian, and Poet having done Their parts comes *Michelangelo Buonarotti*, and goes on in a *Bas-relief* I have seen in the hands of Mr. *Trench*, a Modest, Ingenious Painter, lately arriv'd from his long Studies in *Italy*. He shews us the Count sitting with his Four Sons, one dead at his Feet, Over their Heads is a Figure representing

senting Famine, and underneath is another to denote the River *Arno*, on whose Banks this Tragedy was acted. *Michelangelo* was the fittest Man that ever liv'd to Cut, or Paint this Story, if I had wish'd to see it represented in Sculpture, or Painting I should have fix'd upon this Hand; He was a *Dante* in his way, and he read him perpetually. I have already observed, and 'tis very true, There are certain Ideas which cannot be communicated by Words, but by Sculpture, or Painting only; it would be Ridiculous then on this occasion to undertake to describe this admirable *Bas-relief*; 'tis enough for my present purpose to say there are Attitudes, and Airs of Heads so proper to the Subject, that they carry the Imagination beyond what the Historian, or Poet could possibly; for the rest I must refer to the thing it self. 'Tis true a Genius Equal to that of *Michelangelo* may

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form

form to its self as Strong, and Proper Expressions as these, but where is that Genius! Nor can even He Communicate them to Another, unless he has also a Hand like that of *Michelangelo*, and will take that way of doing it.

And could we see the same Story Painted by the same great Master it will be easily conceiv'd that this must carry the Matter still farther; There we might have had all the Advantages of Expression which the Addition of Colours would have given, and the Colouring of *Michelangelo* was as proper to That, as his Genius was to the Story in general; These would have shewn us the Pale, and Livid Flesh of the Dead, and Dying Figures, the Redness of Eyes, and Blewish Lips of the Count, the Darkness, and Horrour of the Prison, and other Circumstances, besides the Habits (for in the *bas-relief*

relief all the Figures are Naked as more proper for Sculpture) These might be contrived so as to express the Quality of the Persons the more to excite our Pity, as well as to enrich the Picture by their Variety.

Thus History begins, Poetry raises higher, not by Embellishing the Story, but by Additions purely Poetical: Sculpture goes yet farther, and Painting Completes and Perfects, and That only can; and here ends, This is the utmost Limits of Humane power in the Communication of Ideas.

I have observed elsewhere, and will take leave to put my Reader in mind of it once more. 'Tis little to the honour of Painting, or of the Masters of whom the Stories are told that the Birds have been cheated by a Painted Bunch of Grapes; or Men by a Fly, or a Curtain, and such like; These are Little things in comparison of what we are to

expect from the Art. Whoever have fancied these kind of things considerable have been Wretched *Connoisseurs*, how Excellent soever they may have been in Other respects. *Rafaelle* would have Disdain'd to have attempted such Trifles, or would have Blush'd to have been Prais'd for them; But *Rafaelle* would have Painted a God, a Hero, an Angel, a *Madonna*; or he would have related some Noble History, or made a Portrait in such a manner, as Whoever saw it with Genius, and Attention, should treasure up in his Mind an Idea that should always give him Pleasure, and be a Wiser, and Better Man all his Life after.

The business of Painting is to do almost all that Discourse, and Books can, and in many Instances much more, as well as more Speedily, and more Delightfully; So that if History, if Poetry, if Philosophy, Natural,

Natural, or Moral, if Theology, if any of the Liberal Arts, and Sciences are worthy the Notice, and Study of a Gentleman, Painting is so too. To read the Scripture I know will be allow'd to be an Employment worthy of a Gentleman, because (amongst other Reasons) from hence he learns his Duty to God, his Neighbour, and Himself; he is put in mind of many Great, and Instructive Events, and his Passions are warm'd, and agitated, and turn'd into a right Channel; All these Noble Ends are answer'd, I will not say as Effectually, but I will repeat it again and again they are Answer'd when we look upon, and consider what the great Masters have done when they have assum'd the Characters of Divines, or Moralists, or have in Their way related any of the Sacred Stories. Is it an Amusement, or an Employment worthy of a Gentleman to read

Homer,

Homer, Virgil, Milton, &c? the Works of the most Excellent Painters have the like Beautiful Descriptions, the like Elevation of Thought, and Raise, and Move the Passions, Instruct, and Improve the Mind as These do. Is it worthy of a Gentleman to Employ, or Divert Himself by reading *Thucydides, Livy, Clarendon, &c?* the Works of the most Excellent Painters have the like Beauty of Narration, fill the Mind with Ideas of the like Noble Events, and Inform, Instruct, and Touch the Soul alike. Is it worthy of a Gentleman to read *Horace, Terence, Shakespear, the Tatlers, and Spectators, &c.* The Works of the most Excellent Painters do also Thus give us an Image of Humane Life, and fill our Minds with Useful Reflections, as well as Diverting Ideas; all these Ends are answer'd, and oftentimes to a greater degree than any other way. To consider

consider a Picture aright is to Read, but in Respect of the Beauty with which the Eye is all the while entertain'd, whether of Colours, or Figures, 'tis not only to read a Book, and that finely Printed, and well Bound, but as if a Consort of Musick were heard at the same time: You have at once an Intellectual, and a Sensual Pleasure.

I plead for the Art, not its Abuses; 'Tis a Sublime Passage that in *Job*; *If when I beheld the Sun when it shined, or the Moon walking in Brightness, and my Heart hath been secretly entic'd, or my Mouth hath kiss'd my Hand, This also was an Iniquity to be punish'd by the Judge, for I should have deny'd the God that is above.* If when I see a *Madonna* tho' painted by *Rafaëlle* I be enticed and drawn away to Idolatry; Or if the Subject of a Picture, tho' painted by *Annibale Caracci* pollutes my Mind with impure Images, and transforms

transforms me into a Brute; Or if any other, tho' never so Excellent, rob me of my Innocence, and Virtue, *May my Tongue cleave to the Roof of my Mouth, and my Right Hand forget its Cunning* If I am its Advocate as 'tis Instrumental to such Detested Purposes: But these Abuses excepted (as What Has not been? What Is not Abus'd?) the Praise of Painting is a Subject not unworthy of the Tongue, or Pen of the Greatest Orator, Poet, Historian, Philosopher, or Divine; Any of which when he is considering the Works of our Great Masters will not only find him to be one of Themselves, but sometimes All these at once, and in an Eminent Degree. I know I speak with Zeal, and an ardent Passion for the Art, but I am serious, and speak from Conviction, and Experience, and whoever considers Impartially, and acquaints himself with such admirable

mirable Works of Painters as I have done, will find what I have said is Solid, and Unexaggerated Truth.

The Dignity of the Science I am recommending will farther appear if it be consider'd, that if Gentlemen were Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs*, it would be of great Advantage to the Publick, in

1. The Reformation of our Manners.

2. The Improvement of our People.

3. The Increase of our Wealth, and with all these of our Honour, and Power.

Anatomists tell us there are several Parts in the Bodies of Animals that serve to several Purposes, Any of which would justify the Wisdom, and Goodness of Providence in the making of them; but that they are Equally Useful, and Necessary to All, and serve the End of Each as effectually as if they were apply'd

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to One only: This is also true of Painting; It serves for Ornament, and Use; It Pleases our Eyes, and moreover Informs our Understandings, Excites our Passions, and Instructs us how to Manage them.

Things Ornamental, and things Useful are commonly distinguish'd, but the Truth is Ornaments are also of Use, the Distinction lies only in the Ends to which they are subservient. The wise Creator in the great Fabrick of the World has abundantly provided for These, as well as for Those that are called the Necessaries of Life: Let us imagine our Selves always inhabiting between Bare Walls, wearing nothing but only to cover our Bodies, and protect them from the Inclemencies of the Weather, no Distinction of Quality, or Office, Seeing nothing to Delight, but merely what serves for the Maintenance our Being; how Savage, and Uncomfortable

comfortable must This be! Ornaments raise, and exhilarate our Spirits, and help to excite more Useful Sentiments than is commonly imagin'd; And if Any have this Effect, Pictures (consider'd only as Such) will, as being one of the Principal of This kind.

But Pictures are not merely Ornamental, they are also Instructive; and Thus our Houses are not only unlike the Caves of Wild Beasts, or the Hutts of Savages, but distinguish'd from those of *Mahometans*, which are Adorn'd indeed, but with what affords no Instruction to the Mind: Our Walls like the Trees of *Dodona's* Grove speak to us, and teach us History, Morality, Divinity; excite in us Joy, Love, Pity, Devotion, &c. If Pictures have not this good Effect, 'tis our Own Fault in not Chusing well, or not applying our Selves to make a Right Use of them. But I have spoken

of This sufficiently already, and will only take leave to add Here, That if not only our Houses, but our Churches were Adorn'd with proper Histories, or Allegories well Painted, the People being now so well Instructed as to be out of Danger of Superstitious Abuses, their Minds would be more Sensibly affected than they can possibly be without This Efficacious means of Improvement, and Edification. But This (as indeed every thing else advanced by me) I humbly submit to the Judgment of my Superiours.

If Gentlemen were Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs* This would help to Reform Them, as their Example, and Influence would have the like Effect upon the Common People. All Animated Beings naturally covet Pleasure, and eagerly pursue it as their Chiefest Good; the great Affair is to chuse those that are Worthy of Rational Beings,

Beings, Such as are not only Innocent, but Noble, and Excellent: Men of Easy, and Plentiful Fortunes have commonly a great part of their time at their Own Disposal, and the want of knowing how to pass those Hours away in Virtuous Amusements contributes perhaps as much to the Mischievous Effects of Vice, as Covetousness, Pride, Lust, Love of Wine, or any other Passion whatsoever. If Gentlemen therefore found Pleasure in Pictures, Drawings, Prints, Statues, *Intaglias*, and the like Curious Works of Art; in discovering their Beauties, and Defects; in making proper Observations thereupon; and in all the other parts of the business of a *Connoisseur*, how many Hours of Leisure would Here be profitably employ'd, instead of what is Criminal, Scandalous, and Mischievous! I confess I cannot speak Experimentally because I have not
 try'd

try'd Those; nor can Any Man pronounce upon the Pleasures of Another, but I know what I am recommending is so great a One, that I cannot conceive the Other can be Equal to it, Especially if the Draw-backs of Fear, Remorse, Shame, Pain, &c. be taken into the Account.

2. Our Common People have been exceedingly Improv'd within an Age, or two, by being Taught to Read, and Write; they have also made great Advances in Mechanics, and in several Other Arts, and Sciences; And our Gentry, and Clergy are more Learned, and better Reasoners than in times past; a farther Improvement might yet be made, and particularly in the Arts of Design, if as Children are taught Other things they, together with These learnt to Draw; they would not only be qualify'd to become better Painters, Carvers, Gravers,

vers, and to attain the like Arts immediately, and evidently depending on Design, but they would thus become better Mechanicks of all kinds.

And if to learn to Draw, and to understand Pictures, and Drawings were made a part of the Education of a Gentleman, as Their Example would Excite the Others to do the like, it cannot be deny'd but that This would be a farther Improvement even of This part of our People: The whole Nation would by This means be removed some Degrees higher into the Rational State, and make a more considerable Figure amongst the Polite Nations of the World.

3. If Gentlemen were Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs*, many Sums of Money which are now lavish'd away, and consum'd in Luxury would be laid up in Pictures, Drawings, and Antiques, which would be,
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not as Plate, or Jewels, but an Improving Estate; Since as Time, and Accidents must continually waste, and diminish the Number of these Curiosities, and no New Supply (Equal in Goodness to those we have) is to be hop'd for, as the appearances of things at present are, the Value of such as are preserv'd with Care must necessarily encrease more and more: Especially if there is a greater Demand for them, as there Certainly will be if the Taste of Gentlemen takes This Turn: Nay 'tis not Improbable that Money laid out This way, with Judgment, and Prudence, (and if Gentlemen are good *Connoisseurs* they will not be impos'd upon as they too often are) may turn to Better Account than almost in Any other.

We know the Advantages *Italy* receives from her Possession of so many fine Pictures, Statues, and other curious Works of Art: If our
 Countrey

Countrey becomes famous in That way, as her Riches will enable her to be if our Nobility, and Gentry are Lovers and *Connoisseurs*, and the Sooner if an Expedient be found (as it may Easily be) to Facilitate their Importation, We shall share with *Italy* in the Profits arising from the Concourse of Foreigners for the Pleasure, and Improvement that is to be had from the Seeing, and Considering such Rarities.

If our People were Improved in the Arts of Designing, not only our Paintings, Carvings, and Prints, but the Works of all our other Artificers would also be proportionably Improved, and consequently coveted by Other Nations, and their Price advanced, which therefore would be no small Improvement of our Trade, and with that of our Wealth.

I have observ'd heretofore, that there is no Artist whatsoever, that

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produces

produces a piece of work of a value so vastly above that of the Materials of Natures furnishing as the Painter does ; nor consequently that can Enrich a Countrey in any Degree like Him : Now if Painting were only consider'd as upon the Level with Other Manufactures, the Employment of More Hands, and the Work being Better done would certainly tend to the Increase of our Wealth ; but This Consideration over and above adds a great Weight to the Argument in favour of the Art as Instrumental to This End.

Instead of Importing vast Quantities of Pictures, and the like Curiosities for Ordinary Use, we might fetch from Abroad only the Best, and supply other Nations with Better than Now we commonly take off their Hands : For asmuch a Superfluity as these things are thought to be, they are such as no Body will

will be without, not the meanest Cottager in the Kingdom, that is not in the extremest Poverty, but he will have something of Picture in his Sight. The same is the Custom in Other Nations, in Some to a Greater, in Others to a Less Degree: These Ornaments People will have as well as what is absolutely Necessary to Life, and as sure a Demand will be for them as for Food, and Cloaths; as it is in some Other Instances thought at first to be Equally Superfluous, but which are Now become considerable Branches of Trade, and consequently of great Advantage to the Publick.

Thus a thing as yet unheard of, and whose very Name (to our Dishonour) has at present an Uncouth Sound may come to be Eminent in the World, I mean the *English School of Painting*; and whenever This happens who knows to what

it may rise; for the *English* Nation is not accustom'd to do things by Halves.

Arts, and Politeness have a constant Rotation: These parts of *Europe* have twice received them from *Italy*, She from *Greece*, who had them from *Egypt*, and *Persia*. In one Age such a part of the Globe is Enlighten'd, and the rest in Darkness; and those that were Savages for many Centuries, in a certain Revolution of time become the finest Gentlemen in the World. The Arts of Design have long ago forsaken *Persia*, *Egypt*, and *Greece*, and are now a third time much declin'd in *Italy*; Some Other Countrey may succeed Her in This particular, as She succeeded *Greece*. Or if the Arts continue There, They may spread themselves, and Other Nations may Equal, if not Excel the *Italians*: There is nothing Unreason-

reasonable in the thing, may 'tis exceeding Probable.

I have said it heretofore, and will venture to repeat it, notwithstanding the National Vanity of Some of our Neighbours, and our own False Modesty, and Partiality to Foreigners (in This respect, tho' in Others we have such Demonstrations of our Superiority that we have learn'd to be Conscious of it) if ever the Great Taste in Painting, if ever that Delightful, Useful, and Noble Art does revive in the World 'tis Probable 'twill be in *England*.

Besides that Greatness of Mind which has always been Inherent in our Nation, and a Degree of Solid Sense not inferiour to any of our Neighbours; We have Advantages greater than is commonly thought. We are not without our Share of Drawings, of which *Italy* has been in a manner exhausted long since: We have some fine Antiques,

riques, and a Competent number of Pictures of the Best Masters. But whatever our Number, or Variety of Good Pictures is, We have the Best History-Pictures that are any where now in being, for we have the Cartons of *Rafaelle* at *Hampton-Court*, which are Generally allowed even by Foreigners, and Those of our own Nation who are the most Bigotted to *Italy*, or *France*, to be the Best of that Master, as he is incontestably the Best of all those whose Works remain in the World. And for Portraits we have Admirable ones, and perhaps the Best of *Rafaelle*, *Titian*, *Rubens*, and above all of *Van-Dyck*, of whom we have very many: and These are the Best Portrait-Painters that ever were.

In Ancient times we have been frequently Subdued by Foreigners, the *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans* have all done it in their Turns;

Turns; Those Days are at an End long since; and we are by various Steps arriv'd to the height of Military Glory, by Sea, and Land. Nor are we less Eminent for Learning, Philosophy, Mathematicks, Poetry, Strong, and Clear Reasoning, and a Greatness, and Delicacy of Taste; In a Word, in Many of the Liberal, and Mechanical Arts we are Equal to any other People, Ancients, or Moderns; and in Some perhaps Superiour. We are not yet come to that Maturity in the Arts of Design; Our Neighbours, those of Nations Not remarkable for their Excelling in This way, as well as those that Are, have made frequent, and successful Inroads upon us, and in This particular have *Lorded* it over our Natives Here in their own Countrey. Let us at length Disdain as much to be in Subjection in This respect as in Any Other; Let us put forth our Strength, and employ

ploy our National Virtue, that Haughty Impatience of Subjection, and Inferiority, which seems to be the Characteristick of Our Nation in This as on many Other Illustrious Occasions, and the thing will be effected; the *English* School will Rise, and Flourish.

And to This, and to the obtaining the Benefits to the Publick consequent thereupon, what I have Been pleading for would greatly contribute: For if our Nobility, and Gentry were Lovers, and *Connoisseurs*, Publick Encouragement, and Assistance would be given to the Art; Academies would be set up, Well Regulated, and the Government of them put into Such Hands, as would not want Authority to maintain those Laws, without which no Society can Prosper, or long Subsist. These Academies would then be well provided of all Necessaries for Instruction in Geometry,

metry, Perspective, and Anatomy, as well as Designing, for without a competent Proficiency in the three former, no considerable Progress can be made in the Other. They would then be furnished with Good Masters to Direct the Students, and good Drawings, and Figures, whether Casts, or Originals, Antique, or Modern for their Imitation. Nor should these be consider'd merely as Schools, or Nurseries for Painting, and Sculptors, and other Artists of That kind, but as places for the better Education of Gentlemen, and to Complete the Civilizing, and Polishing of our People, as our Other Schools, and Universities, and the Other means of Instruction are.

If our Nobility, and Gentry were Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs*, a much greater Treasure of Pictures, Drawings, and Antiques would be brought in, which would contribute

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bute abundantly to the Raising, and Meliorating our Taste, as well as to the Improvement of our Artists.

And then too People of Condition would know that at Present, whatever Has been the State of things heretofore, Foreigners (be they *Italians*, or of whatever other Countrey) have not the Advantage over us whether as *Connoisseurs*, or as Painters, as They have been accustomed to Imagine: They will then know that if in Some Instances the Advantage is on Their Side, in Others 'tis on Ours: Thus that Partiality so Discouraging, and Pernicious to Our Own People will be removed.

Such Men being *Connoisseurs*, and Lovers of Painting, and Zealous for the Honour, and Interest of their Countrey in This particular, would raise the same Spirit in Others, and amongst the rest in the Artists themselves if it were not there

there before. And These would Then be oblig'd to labour to Improve in their several ways, because they must be Otherwise without Employment, whereas they will be tempted to indulge themselves in Sloth, and Ignorance when they find there are Easier Methods of attaining Fame, and Riches, at least of living tolerably well, than by making any considerable Progress in their Art:

A good Taste, and Judgment in those who employ them would not only compel Painters to Study, and be Industrious, but put them in a Right way if they fell not into it of Themselves: It has been said, and I verily believe 'tis true, that King *Charles I.* took such delight in Painting that he frequently spent several Hours with *Van-Dyck*; remarking upon his Works, and giving him such Hints as much contributed to the Excellence we

see in them. Painters would thus learn not to attach themselves Meanly, and Servilely to the Imitation of This, or That particular Manner, or Master, and those perhaps none of the Best, but to have more Noble, Open, and Extensive Views; to go to the Fountain Head from whence the Greatest Men have drawn That which has made their Works the Wonder of succeeding Ages; They would thus learn to go to Nature, and to the Reason of things. Let them receive all the Warmth, and Light they can from Drawings, Pictures, and Antiques, but let them not stop there, but endeavour to discover what Rules the Great Masters went by, what Principles they built upon, or might have built upon, and let them do the same; not because They did so, or were Supposed to have done so, but because 'twas Reasonable.

If (Lastly) Men of Birth, and
Fortunes

Fortunes were generally Lovers of Painting, and *Connoisseurs*, as they would be convinc'd of the Dignity of the Profession, they would cause more of their Younger Sons (at least) to be applied this way, as well as to Law, Divinity, Arms, Navigation, &c. These by a generous Education, and not being oblig'd to work for bare Subsistence would be better Qualify'd for so Noble a Study, and have better Opportunities of Improvement in it. There can be no such thing as a Mere Painter; to merit the Name of a Painter 'tis necessary to be much more, he must be Considerable without That Addition. 'Tis not Here as in Numbers, where if a Unite be set before several Cyphers it may make a Summ; there must be a large Summ first, and then This Unite set at the Head of them has a Value, and makes the whole Ten times more.

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I have been shewing how Beneficial the Art of Painting is, and how much More it Might be made to the Publick in the Reformation of our Manners, Improvement of our People, and Increase of our Wealth, all which would bring a proportionable Addition of Honour, and Power to this Brave Nation; And I have shewn that for a Gentleman to become a Lover of the Art, and a *Connoisseur* is the Means to attain this End: This alone if there was no other Argument would prove it to be worthy of Such a one to turn his Thoughts This way.

Here being a full Period, and the first Opportunity I have had, I will inform the Publick that I have at length found a Name for the Science of
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a *Connoisseur* of which I am treating, and which I observed at the entrance of this Subject wanted One. After some of these Sheets were printed I was complaining of this Defect to a Friend, who I knew, and Every Body will readily acknowledge was very proper to be advised with on This, or a Much Greater Occasion; and the next Day had the honour of a Letter from him on another Affair, wherein however the Term CONNOISSANCE was us'd; This I immediately found was That he recommended,

mended, and which I shall use hereafter. And indeed since the Term *Connoisseur*, tho' it has a General Signification, has been received as denoting One skilful in this particular Science; there can be no reason why the Science it self should not be called *Connoissance*. Perhaps 'tis not without some Mixture of Vanity in my self, but in Justice to my Friend I must not conceal his Name; 'tis Mr. *PRIOR*.

I will now go on with my Discourse.

There are Few that pretend to be *Connoisseurs*, and of those Few
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the number of Such as Deserve to be so call'd is very Small: 'Tis not enough to be an Ingenious Man in General, nor to have seen all the Finest things in *Europe*, nor even to be able to Make a good Picture, Much less the having the Names, and something of the History of the Masters: All This will not make a Man a good *Connoisseur*, To be able to judge of the Goodness of a Picture, most of these Qualifications are necessary, which the Painter himself ought to be possessed of, That is, all that are not Practical; He must be Master of the Subject, and if it be Improveable he must know it is so, and Wherein; He must not only see, and Judge of the Thought of the Painter in what he Has done, but must know more over what he Ought to have done, He must be acquainted with the Passions, their Nature, and how they appear on all Occasions. He

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must have a Delicacy of Eye to judge of Harmony, and Proportion, of Beauty of Colours, and Accuracy of Hand; and Lastly he must be conversant with the Better Sort of People, and with the Antique, or he will not be a good Judge of Grace, and Greatness. To be a good *Connoisseur* (I observ'd heretofore) a Man must be as free from all kinds of Prejudice as possible; He must moreover have a Clear, and Exact way of Thinking, and Reasoning; he must know how to take in, and manage just Ideas; and Throughout he must have not only a Solid, but an Unbias'd Judgment. These are the Qualifications of a *Connoisseur*; And are not These, and the Exercise of Them, well becoming a Gentleman? H or

The Knowledge of History has ever been esteem'd to be so. And this is absolutely necessary to a *Connoisseur*, not That only which may enable

enable him to judge how well the Painter has managed such, and such a Story, which he will have frequent Occasion to do, but the particular History of the Arts, and especially of Painting.

Methinks it should be worth the while of some one duly qualified for such an Undertaking, instead of the Accounts of Revolutions in Empires, and Governments, and the Means, or Accidents, whereby they were effected, Military, or Political, to give us the History of Mankind with respect to the place they hold amongst Rational Beings; that is, a History of Arts, and Sciences; Wherein it would be seen to what heights some of the Species have risen in Some Ages, and Some Countreys, whilst at the same time on Other parts of the Globe Men have been but one Degree above Common Animals; And the same People who in This Age gave a

Dignity to Humane Nature, in another sunk almost to Brutality, or Chang'd from One Excellency to Another. Here We might find Where, and When such an Invention first appear'd, and by what Means; What Improvements, and Decays happen'd: When such another Luminary rose, and what course it took; and whether 'tis now Ascending; in its Zenith, Declining, or Set. Here it would be consider'd what Improvements the Moderns have made upon the Ancients, and what Ground they have lost: Such a History well written, would give a clear Idea of the Noblest Species of Beings we are acquainted with in that particular wherein their preheminance consists. And (by the way) I will take leave to observe that we should find them to have arriv'd to a vast Extent of Knowledge, and Capacity in Natural Philosophy, in Astronomy,

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in Navigation, in Geometry, and other Branches of the Mathematicks, in War, in Government, in Painting, Poetry, Musick, and other Liberal, and Mechanick Arts; In other respects, particularly in Metaphysicks, and Religion to have been Ridiculous, and Contemptible: Except where the Divine Goodness has vouchsafed an Extraordinary Portion of Light, like the Sun-beams darting out here, and there upon the Earth in a Cloudy Day, or where it has blaz'd out plentifully by Supernatural Revelation.

In such a History it would be found that the Arts of Design, Painting, and Sculpture were known in *Persia*, and *Egypt* long before we have any Accounts of them amongst the *Greeks*; but that They carried them to an Amazing height, from whence they afterwards spread themselves into *Italy*, and other
Parts

Parts, with various Revolutions, 'till they sunk with the *Roman Empire*, and were lost for many Ages, so that there was not a Man upon the Face of the Earth able to delineate the Form of a House, a Bird, a Tree, a Humane Face, a Body, or whatever other Figure consisting of any Variety of Curv'd Lines otherwise than as a Child amongst Us; to do this Right, and as it is done Now, was as much above the Capacity of the Species at That time as it is Now to make a Voyage to the Moon. In this State of things, about the middle of the 13th Century *Giovanni Cimabue* a *Florentine*, prompted to it by a Natural Genius, and assisted at first by some wretched Painters from *Greece* began to Restore those Arts, which were Improv'd by his Disciple *Giotto*.

In such a History it would follow that after several Endeavours, and Advances had been made by
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Simone Memmi, Andrea Verrocchio,
 and others, *Massaccio* born about
Anno 1417 at Florence, (who indeed
 I ought to have inserted in the
 Chronological List in my former
 Book) This great Man, in his
 short Life of Six and Twenty
 Years, made so considerable an Im-
 provement upon what he found
 had been done before him, that he
 May justly be (as he is) esteem'd,
 the Father of the Second Age of
 Modern Painting. The Light thus
 happily kindled in *Tuscany* diffus'd
 it self into *Lombardy*, for soon af-
 ter the Death of *Massaccio*, the *Bel-
 lini's*, *Jacopo*, and his two Sons
 first introduc'd the Art in *Venice*;
 and soon after *Francesco Francia*
 appear'd at *Bologna*, and was the
Massaccio of that City; for the Art
 had rais'd its Head there long be-
 fore, and Some say more early than
 even at *Florence*; tho' it was but
 just kept alive there 'till many Years
 after.

after. About this time too *Andrea Mantegna* shew'd the Art to Those of *Mantua*, and *Padua*. Germany also had her *Albert Durer* about the latter End of the same Century, and in the beginning of the next *Lucas van Leyden* was famous in *Holland*; as was *Hans Holbein* quickly after here in *England*. But *Florence* was still the Center of Light, where it brighten'd more, and more; For in the Year 1445 *Lionardo da Vinci* was born there: This was a Universal Man, and amongst other Arts was Excellent in Painting, and Designing, especially the latter, in which he sometimes almost equal'd the Best Masters the World ever saw. About 30 Years after him arose *Michelangelo Buonarotti*, the Head of the *Florentine* School, a Vast Genius Superiour to all the Moderns in Sculpture, and perhaps in Designing, and a profound Knowledge in Anatomy; and moreover

moreover as Excellent an Architect. These two great Men coming to *Rome*, where (tho' there was so great a Disproportion in their Years) they were Competitors, transferr'd the Seat of the Art to that Happy City. Tho' in *Venice* it went on improving, and growing up to Maturity, and Perfection, which it attain'd to (in some of its Parts, particularly Colouring) in *Giorgione*, and more eminently in *Titian*, and in *Corregio* upon the *Terra firma* of *Lombardy*. And Now, that is, upon the entrance of the 16th Century the great Luminary of Painting appear'd above the Horizon, the undoubted Head of the *Roman* School, and of the Modern Painters *Rafaëlle Sanzio da Urbino*. Whether any of the Ancients excell'd him, and if they did, in what Degree are Questions which the History I am recommending as proper to be written may endeavour to resolve,

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solve, I will not. But such an Hi-
 storian will go on to shew how the
 Flame which blaz'd so gloriously in
Rafaëlle, and continued Bright,
 tho' with a diminish'd Lustre in his
 Disciples *Giulio Romano*, *Polidoro*,
Pierino, and others; and at Flo-
 rence in *Andrea del Sarto*; and
 There, and Elsewhere, as well as
 at Rome in *Baldassar Peruzzi*, *Pri-
 maticcio*, *Battista Franco*, *Parmeg-
 giano*, the Elder *Palma*, *Tintoretto*,
Baroccio, *Paolo Veronese*, the two
Zuccaroes, *Cigoli*, and many others,
 Decay'd by little, and little; 'Till it
 was blown up again in the School
 of the *Caracci* in *Bologna* about an
 Hundred and Forty Years ago; and
 continued with great Brightness in
 their Disciples, and Others; *Giun-
 seppino*, *Vanni*, *Guido*, *Albani*, *De-
 minichino*, *Lansfranco* &c. But as the
 Jews wept when they saw the se-
 cond Temple, which tho' Magni-
 ficent was not Equal to the first,
 so

so neither was this great Effort capable of producing such Stupendous Works of Art as those of the *Rafaele* Age. And tho' we have had Great Men in their Several ways, as *Rubens*, *Spagnoletto*, *Guercino*, *Nicolas Poussin*, *Pietro da Cortona*, *Andrea Sacchi*, *Van-Dyck*, *Castiglione*, *Claude Lorenese*, the *Borgognone*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Carlo Maratti*, *Luca Giordano*, and several Others of Lesser Note, tho' nevertheless of Considerable Merit, yet the Art has visibly declin'd. As for its Present State in *Italy*, Here, and Elsewhere the Historian I am speaking of may write what he thinks fit, and perhaps by that time New Matter may arise; I, for my part, instead of entering upon that Subject, will content my self with observing in general, That tho' Mankind have always express'd a Love to it, and been ready to encourage the weak-

est Endeavours this way, (I only Except the *Jews*, an *Arabian* Impostor, and his Fanatick Disciples, and some few Enthusiasts, and Sour, Stupid People) the Species in all the many Ages of their Existence have been rarely able, and in a narrow Extent of Countrey, at any one time to perform any thing considerable in Painting: There have been Innumerable Great Masters in Other Arts, and Sciences, but in This the Number is very Small; Great Masters in many Other Arts have appear'd in All Ages; Of Painting there have been none in all the Six Thousand Years since the Birth of the World (at least We have no Account of them) Except those in *Greece*, and *Italy* two Thousand Years ago, and that perhaps for about the Space of Five Hundred Years; and Those in this Latter Age of the Art of which I have been offering a Cursory View.

So ancient *Ætna's Sulph'rous Caverns* give
 Sufficient Food to keep the Flame alive;
 The kindled Stream thro' ev'ry Chasm strays }
 On each Combustible with Gladness preys,
 But in large Spaces ampler Fires displays;
 Deep Sunk below 'tis hid from Mortal Eyes,
 But Smoak, and Cinders moderately rise;
 'Till Nature furnishing Uncommon Stores,
 The Hill from out her gaping Summit pours
 Ascending Ruddy Flames, and with a Sound
 Loud, and Triumphant fills the Air around,
 Supplies the Heavens with another Day,
 And shews the Mariner far off his way;
 The Stock exhausted to her Wont returns,
 And Silently, Unseen the Mountain burns.

It must have been observ'd that
 the Art has flourished at *Florence,*
Rome, Venice, Bologna, &c. In
 each of which Places the Style of
 Painting has been Different; as it
 has been in the several Ages in
 which it has flourished. When it
 first began to Revive after the Ter-
 rible Devastations of Superstition,
 and Barbarity, it was with a Stiff,
 Lame manner, which mended by
 little, and little 'till the time of
Masac-

Masaccio, who rose into a Better Taste, and Began what was reserved for *Rafaele* to Complete. However this Bad Style had something Manly, and Vigorous; Whereas in the Decay, whether after the Happy Age of *Rafaele*, or that of *An-nibale* One sees an Effeminate, Languid Air, Or if it has not That it has the Vigour of a Bully, rather than of a Brave Man: The Old Bad Painting has more Faults than the Modern, but this falls into the Infipid.

The Painters of the *Roman* School were the Best Designers, and had more of the Antique Taste in their Works than any of the Others, but generally they were not good Colourists; Those of *Florence* were good Designers, and had a Kind of Greatness, but 'twas not Antique. The *Venetian*, and *Lombard* Schools had Excellent Colourists, and a certain Grace but entirely

tirely Modern, especially those of
Venice; but their Drawing was ge-
 nerally Incorrect, and their Know-
 ledge in History, and the Antique
 very little: And the *Bolognese*
 School is a Sort of Composition of
 the Others; even *Annibale* himself
 possessed not any Part of Painting
 in the Perfection as is to be seen
 in those from whom His Manner is
 compos'd, tho' to make amends he
 possessed more Parts than perhaps
 any Other Master, and in a very
 high Degree. The Works of those
 of the *German* School have a
 Dryness, and ungraceful Stiffness,
 not like what is seen amongst the
 Old *Florentines*, That has somethig
 in it Pleasing however, but This is
 Odious, and as remote from the
 Antique as *Gothicism* could carry it.
 The *Flemings* have been Good Co-
 lourists, and imitated Nature as
 They conceived it, that is, instead
 of Raising Nature, they fell below
 it,

(80)
it, tho' not so much as the *German*, nor in the same Manner; *Rubens* himself Liv'd, and Dy'd a *Fleming*, tho' he would fail have been an *Italian*; but his Imitators have *Caricatur'd* His Manner, that is they have been more *Rubens* in his Defects than he himself was, but without his Excellencies. The *French* (Excepting some few of them, *N. Poussin*, *Le Seur*, *Sebastien Bourdon*, &c.) as they have not the *German* Stiffness, nor the *Flemish* Ungracefulness, neither have they the *Italian* Solidity; and in their Airs of Heads, and Manners, they are easily distinguish'd from the *Antique* how much soever they may have endeavour'd to imitate them.

Which have been the most Excellent Painters the *Ancients*, or the *Moderns* is a Question often propos'd, and which I will try to resolve. That the Painters of Those times

times were Equal to the Sculptors in Invention, Expression, Drawing, Grace, and Greatness is so exceeding probable that I think it may be taken for granted. If so, that in Drawing, Grace, and Greatness the Ancients have the Advantage is certain; and little less than certain that in Colouring, and Composition the Moderns have it More. But tho' That be true, Those Parts of Painting being not so Considerable as the Other in which the Moderns are outdone, it will hardly reduce the Matter to an Equality, the Advantage will remain to the Ancients so far as we have gone. It remains that We consider the other Parts of Painting, the Invention, and Expression: The manner of Thinking of the Ancients is such as is not to be mention'd without the utmost Veneration allow'd to be given to Mortal Men; But when I see what Some

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of

of the Moderns have done in These Parts of Painting I profess I dare not determine which has the Preference. It would be a fine Amusement, or rather a Noble, and a Useful Employment for a Gentleman to collect, and compare the many fine Thoughts, and Expressions, on One Side, and the Other: For Me to do it here would be too Tedious, and too great a Task, having already undertaken what will cost me More Pains, and Time than I intended, or perhaps is fit for me to bestow this way. Whether even This would end the Dispute is Uncertain; But as the Matter stands at present, allowing an Equality in these last mentioned Parts of Painting, and an Advantage to the Modern in Some others, the Superiority of the Ancients in Drawing, Grace, and Greatness determines in Favour of Them

Another Part of History no less
worthy

worthy a Gentleman's Consideration than necessary to a *Connoisseur*, is that of the Lives of the particular Masters. When we reflect upon the Vigorous Sallies which Some of the Species have made, whereby they have as it were connected Ours with that of the next Order of Beings above us we must naturally desire to have a more exact Account of every Step they made towards that Glorious Distinction: This also will be of Use to Our Selves, and help to excite Us to do Something, whereby We also may be distinguish'd with Honour, and our Memories be Sweet to Posterity.

As in reading the Lives of the Great Captains, and Statesmen we are instructed in the History of Their Times, and Their Own, and Neighbouring Nations; In those of Philosophers, and Divines we see the State of Learning, and Religion, So in the Lives of the Paint-

ers we see the History of the Art; and I believe there has been as many Accounts of these Great Men who have done so much Honour to Humane Nature, and many of them as well written, as of any Class of Men whatsoever.

The

Le Vite dei Pittori e de Scultori co' Ritratti, descritte in tre Tomi da Giorgio Vasari Pittore Aretino. Firenze 1586 Bolog. 1647. 4to.

Le Maraviglie dell'Arte, Overo delle Vite de' Pittori Veneti, e dello Stato, in due Parti dal Cav. Carlo Ridolfi. Venezia 1648. 4to.

Felsina Pittrice: Vite de' Pittori Bolognesi composte dal Conte Carlo Cesare Malvasia. Lib. 4. in 2 Tomi, co' Ritratti de' Pittori Bolog. 1678. 4to.

Le Vite de' Pittori, & Architetti dal 1572 fino al 1610, fioriti in Roma, dal Cav. Gio. Baglioni Roma, 1642, & 1649.

Le Vite de' Pittori, de' Scultori, & de' gli Architetti Moderni Scritte da Gio. Pietro Bellorio. Parte Prima Roma. 1672. 4to.

Notitia de Professori del Disegno da Cimabue in qua dal Filippo Baldinucci. in several Volumes Printed at Florence at several times, the First Anno 1681.

Abcedario Pittorico nel quale compendiosamente sono descritte le Patrie, i Maestri, ed i Tempi ne quali fiorirono circa 4000 Professori di Pittura, di Scultura, e di Architettura da Fr. Pel. Ant. Orlandi Bolog. 1704. 4to.

Entretiens sur les Vies, & sur les Ouvrages des plus Excellens Peintres Anciens & Moderns. par Filibien. Tom. 1. Paris 1666. Tom. 2. 1672. 4to. Reprimé Paris 1685. Amst. 800.

Aca

The General Idea I have of those Excellent Men, I mean of the Principal of them, Such as those of whom I have given an Historical, and Chronological List at the end of my Former Book is this, They were Most of them Men of Fine, Natural Parts, and Some of them went very far into Learning, and Other Sciences, particularly Music, and Poetry; Many of them have received the Honour of Knighthood, and Some have Entail'd Nobility on their Posterity; Most of them advanc'd their Fortunes very considerably, They have Generally been in great Favour with their Sovereigns, Or at least were much Esteem'd, and Honour'd by Men of the First Quality; Liv'd in

Academia Nobilissima Artis Pictoriae Joachimi Sandrart. a Stockau Norumb. 1683. fol.

Abrege de la Vie des Peintres par M. de Piles. Paris 1715.

In the English Translation of the Art. of Painting by C. A. du Fresnoy, the Lives of the Painters are abridg'd by Mr. Grabme. Lond. 1716.

Great

Great Reputation, and Dy'd much Lamented: Several of them were remarkably Fine Gentlemen, and if any of them were not so, they were not Sordid, Low, Vicious Creatures. *Correggio* was an Obscure Man whilst he liv'd, but is one of the Greatest Instances of a Genius that the World ever saw; He was Obscure, not Vicious. *Annibale Caracci* took more Pleasure in his Painting than in the Gaieties of a Court, or the Conversation, or Friendship of the Great, which with a sort of Stoical, and perhaps a mixture of a Cynical Pride he despis'd, but he had a Greatness of Mind that pleads effectually in his behalf, and compels us to overlook his Faults, which were much owing to his natural Melancholy. The Histories of *Rafaëlle*. *Lionardo da Vinci*, *Michelangelo*, *Titiano*, *Giulio Romano*, *Guido*, *Rubens*, *Vandyck*, and *Sir Peter Lely*, (to name
no

no more,) are well known, They liv'd in great Honour, and made a very considerable Figure in their several Times, and Countreys.

That the Generality of Good Painters have been Idle, and Sots, is a Vulgar Error, On the Contrary I know not even One Instance of This among those Great Masters who I have all along been speaking of, and who alone are considerable in their Profession; tho' indeed Those that have given Occasion for This Scandal may possibly have been the Best whose Works those People who have Thus thought have been acquainted with.

Another Mistake of This kind is, That the Painters how Excellent soever they may have been in their Art, have been Inconsiderable Creatures Otherwise: But (as I have observ'd heretofore) a Valuable Man will remain tho' a Good Painter is deprived of his Eyes, and Hands

When

When after a *Brouillerie*, between Pope *Julius*, and *Michelangelo*, upon account of Slight the Artist conceiv'd the Pontif had put upon him, (the Story is at large in *Vasari*) *Michelangelo* was introduced by a Bishop (who was a Stranger to him, but was deputed by Cardinal *Soderini*, who being Sick could not do it himself as was intended) this Bishop thinking to serve *Michelangelo* by it made it an Argument that the Pope should be reconcil'd to him *Because Men of his Profession were commonly Ignorant, and of no Consequence Otherwise*; his Holiness enrag'd at the Bishop struck him with his Staff, and told Him 'twas *He that was the Blockhead, and Affronted the Man Himself would not Offend*: The Prelate was driven out of the Chamber, and *Michelangelo* had the Pope's Benediction accompanied with Presents. This Bishop had fallen in-
to

to this Vulgar Error, and was Rebuk'd accordingly.

What I have been saying puts me in mind of a Story which passes very currantly of this Great Master, and that is that he had a Porter fix'd as to a Cross, and then stabb'd him that he might the better express the Dying Agonies of our Lord in a Crucifix he was painting: I find no good Ground for this Slander. Perhaps 'tis a Copy of a like Story of *Parrhasius*, the truth of which is also much doubted of; 'tis said he fasten'd a Slave he had bought to a Machine, and then tormented him to death, and whilst he was Dying painted the *Prometheus* he made for the Temple of *Minerva* at *Athens*.

Now that I am upon Particulars, there is one of a Different Sort relating to *Titian*, which I will take this Occasion to make more Publick than has yet been done:

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'Tis

'Tis a Letter written by Him to the Emperour *Charles V.* I find it in a Collection of *Italian Letters Printed at Venice 1574. Ridolfi*, nor any other Writer that I know of has This, tho' he has Another written to the Emperour, and one to *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, as he has also one or two Letters from that King to *Titian*.

Invittissimo Principe, se dolse alla sacra maestà vostra la falsa nuoua della morte mia, a me è stato di Consolatione d' essere percio fatto più certo che l' altezza vostra della mia seruitù si ricordi onde la uita m' è doppiamente cara. Et humilmente prego N. S. Dio a conseruarmi (se non più) tanto che finisca l' opera della Cesarea Maestà vostra, la quale si truoua in termine che a Settembre prossimino potra comparire dinanzi l' altezza vostra, alla quale fra questo mezzo con ogni humilia m'inchino,

m'inchino, & riverentemente in sua gratia mi raccomando.

Titiano Vecellio.

Lomazzo in his *Idea del Tempio della Pittura* pag. 57. prettily characterizes several of Those Great Masters I have been speaking of by Animals, and Famous Men, chiefly Philosophers. To *Michelangelo* he assigns a Dragon, and *Socrates*; to *Gaudenzio* an Eagle, and *Plato*; To *Polidoro* a Horse, and *Alcides*; To *Lionardo da Vinci* a Lyon, and *Prometheus*; To *Andrea Mantegna* a Serpent, and *Archimedes*; To *Titiano* an Ox, and *Aristotle*; To *Rafaello* a Man, and *Solomon*. For the rest I refer you to the Books.

But what completes the History of These Great Painters is their Works; of which a great Number, especially of Drawings, is preserved to Our times. Here we see their Be-

ginning, Progress, and Completion; their several various Ways of Thinking; their different Manners of Expressing their Thoughts; the Ideas they have of Beauty in Visible Objects; and what Accuracy, and Readiness of Hand they had in Expressing what they conceiv'd. Here we see the Steps they made in Some of their Works, their Diligence, Carelessness, or other Inequalities, the Variation of their Styles, and abundance of other Circumstances relating to them. If therefore History, if the History of the Arts; If the History of the particular Artists, if these are worthy of a Gentleman; This part of the History, Thus written, where almost Every Page, Every Character is an Instance of the Beauty, and Excellency of the Art, and of the admirable Qualities of the Men of whom it treats is also well worthy his Perusal, and Study.

I will

I will conclude this Branch of my Argument relating to the Dignity of Painting, and *Connoissance*, with observing That those of the Greatest Quality have not thought it Unworthy of them to practise, not the Latter only, but the Other. And that if it is not yet a Diminution of Such a One's Character Not to be a *Connoisseur*, 'tis an Addition to it if he Is; and is judg'd to be so by Everybody. And Some Such we have of our own Nation, who are Distinguisht not only by their Births, and Fortunes, but by other the most Amiable Qualities that justly endear them to all that have the Honour, and Happiness of Knowing them, and being Known to them, if withall they have any Sense of Virtue, Integrity, Honour, Love of ones Country, and other Noble Qualities, which those Illustrious *Connoisseurs* possess in so Eminent a Degree.

Sect.

S E C T. II.

In order to shew what Rank the Science I am recommending holds amongst the rest with respect to the Certainty, and Degrees of Probability to be had in it, it will be necessary to take a Survey of the State of Mankind with respect to the Extent of their Knowledge in General.

And here I shall only set down what I perceive passes in my Own Mind, and abroad in the World so far as I can judge; and having no particular Notion, or System to propagate, or Defend; no Interest to serve separate from that of Truth, I shall do it Honestly; and I will do it as Clearly, and Briefly as I can; without entering into the Meanders of the Learned, and hardly taking any Notice of that Cloud of Dust that Idle, Interested, or Prejudiced Men may raise by Objections which can never be wanting,
(espe-

(especially if the Consequences any thing that is advanced may have on something already establish'd, but not Self Evident, or Bottom'd on what is so be admitted as Such) but which can have no Force against Experience, and Fact, against Plain, and Evident Truth.

What we call Knowledge is the Assent of the Understanding to a Proposition as True.

We never Assent to any Proposition 'till we have first (Explicitly, or Implicitly) Assented to these Previous ones; We are inform'd Sufficiently, and have Consider'd Enough: Or we Assent Conditionally, that is, supposing these two things are done, and This abates the Degree of our Assent proportionably.

Assent is in Various Degrees, the highest of which is without any mixture of Doubt; and thus we are said to Know, and be Assured as
in

in what is Self-Evident, or Clearly Demonstrated; All the rest has this Alloy; Doubting being understood as oppos'd to Certainty, not to Persuasion. Thus the Inexhaustible Fountain of Light, and Truth pours forth his Streams of communicated Light which we receive Pure in Self-Evident Principles, but as the Current passes on 'tis Sully'd; and grows weaker, and weaker, and from Knowledge becomes Opinion, beginning with the highest Degree of Probability, and after a long train ends in that faint Persuasion next bordering upon the *Æquilibrium* of the Mind, the Uncomfortable Region of Doubt and Suspension.

This Variety of Assent is the necessary Consequence of the Variety of Evidence, or the Appearance It has to our Understandings, and our Unavoidably Assenting as directed by Evidence.

That

That our Assent is regulated by Evidence, and not by our Wills is plain without going to the Argument from Experience, and that from this very Variety in the Degrees of our Assent; for Propositions we Desired should be true we should be Assured were so, and the Others we should be Assured were not so if our Wills could govern in this case; However if the contrary be imagin'd the Experiment is soon made; Let such as differ from Me in this Matter think as I do for one moment, and then return, and think as they do at present. Assent, and Dissent is no Other than the Sentence pronounced to Our Selves upon what Our Selves See; We may deceive Others, but to tell Our Selves we see what we do not, and Believe it is Impossible, I cannot say to my Self this Paper is now Red, then Green, presently after Blue, and think 'tis so at Pleasure.

N

We

We receive Evidence from our Senses, from Testimony, and from our Reason; and from the Latter Immediately, as in first Principles, and Self-Evident Truths; Or by Deduction from Such, or from what we perceive by our Senses, or have from Testimony.

Evidence is purely Relative, and is such to every Man as the Appearances are to Him. 'Tis nothing to Me what Another Man's Senses tell Him; nor what Opinion He has of the Testimony offered to Him; nor what His Reason Suggests; My Evidence from any, or all of these is just the Same as it appears to Me.

And tho' my Passions, or Prejudices may Magnify, or Diminish what the Same Objects, the Same Testimony, and the Same Arguments would appear to Another, the Evidence to Me is what it appears thro' these Mediums: If I perceive they have this Effect I shall
Una-

Unavoidably make proportionable Allowances for it, and so far the Effect will cease; if I do not I shall as unavoidably judge of the Evidence as seen Pure, and in its true Light.

Tho' (speaking at large) the Arguments that are propos'd to Me in order to induce my Assent is call'd Evidence, 'tis not so to Me, but the Appearances they happen to have to my Understanding, and which they will have from abundance of Circumstances besides those Arguments whatever they be. So that it may be as impossible for Me to believe Transubstantiation (for Example) as for a *Turk*, or a *Hotentot* to believe it, tho' I am no Stranger to the Arguments that are us'd for it, and They never heard of them. Nay tho' the Doctrine were True, and the Arguments for it Solid.

When therefore 'tis said Evidence

is to be had for such, or such a Proposition, meaning thereby that God has given sufficient Light in That particular to Some of our Species, it must be remembred that their Evidence, and the Persuasion resulting from it may be as impossible to be had by Some People as if 'twas hidden from all Mankind: That which is but one Inch beyond the length of my Arm is as much out of my Reach as if 'twas in the Moon.

There are certain things of which we have no Evidence at all, such as those that are apparently beyond the reach of Humane Reason, and not Divinely, and Supernaturally Reveal'd: If Those that are said to be so are not Clearly understood, or not Certainly known to be Divine, we have however a Probable Evidence proportionable to That of their being so, and that the Meaning is as we understand it.

For

For the rest we have the Evidence Sometimes of our Senses, Sometimes of Testimony, Sometimes of our Reason, and Sometimes two, or all of these concur. In some Cases 'tis Full, and Complete; but in much the Greater Part Imperfect, and that in all Degrees.

So are the Means by which (such as it is) 'tis convey'd to us; Our Senses are Fallible, our Reason is More so, and Testimony at least as Much, and perhaps Most of all: Unless it be Divine, and then 'tis Infallible, and has an Effect upon our Minds as such when we are Infallibly Assur'd of what is so. Our Senses deceive us when the Organs, or our Imaginations are Distemper'd, or any way Imperfect, which they always are in some Measure: Humane Testimony is corrupted by Mistakes, and Prejudices, Passion, and Interest; and Reason is often Blinded, Corrupted, or Oppress'd
by

by all these, we see not at all; or thro' a false Medium, or infer amiss; judging That to be Sufficient Testimony which is Not, or perhaps no Evidence at all; Laying a Stress upon what will bear None, or not so much, or even on what in Reality makes for the Other Side; and that oftentimes as we are influenced by the present State of our Bodies, from Health, or Sickness; Fair, or Foul Weather; Diet, or Exercise; nay we shall have a Different View of things immediately upon the pouring into our Stomachs of a few Spoonfulls of Liquor, or taking into our heads the Vapour of a burnt Weed.

Moreover our Ideas are often Weak, and Confus'd; nor can we Have, Retain, and Consider so many as are often necessary to be Had, and to be seen at once in order to give a Right Judgment upon a Question. The Infinite Mind sees All Things
at

at One View, and just as they Are; We have a constant Succession of Ideas which arise, and pass away, and of which we have often but a Transient View. All things are Equally, and Eternally present to *him with whom we have to do*; Our Mental, like our Corporeal Sight can fix strongly but upon One single Point at One time, all other Objects round about us are then seen Confusedly, or not at all.

Notwithstanding what has been said of our Senses of Humane Testimony, and of Reason in General, there are Particular Cases (tho' but Few in proportion to the rest) where tho' we cannot arrive to Absolute Certainty by Their means, we can have so great a Degree of Persuasion as is to all Intents and Purposes Equivalent to it.

And so with relation to the Evidence that is to be had, what I have said is true in General; But
as

as that may appear Rational to One Man, which does not seem so to Another; and as there is nothing so Absurd, and False which Some Men will not assert; and as (Lastly) Mens Senses are Sometimes impos'd upon, it cannot be said that there is Any thing of which Particular Men may not have Evidence; and Such may have None for what Another thinks is true Plainly, and Infallibly.

If the Deficiency of Evidence, and the Imperfection of the means by which we have it convey'd to us were Unknown, we should assent Readily, and with Confidence; but as it is Generally Known, and Observ'd, in the same Degree by much the greater part of our Persuasions must have a mixture of Doubt. And according as we are mistaken in our Evidence, we must be so in our Assent, or Dissent, in the Main, or in the Degrees of it;
if

if they have Any, that is, if the thing is not Self-evident, or Demonstrable; Often we are so in the Main, in the Degree Always; because as when we see an Object with our Eyes we see it not as it Really Is, but as it Appears through the Coats, and Humours of the Eye, besides the External Medium; our Mental Sight has the like Defects, and things are not Thus seen as they Really are.

Thus there are Some Truths God has open'd Fully to us; Others we see but as through a Mist, and Others are Envelop'd in Thick Clouds, and Darkness, and reserv'd for a Better State: And (God knows how often!) We fancy we possess Truth, but — *Is there not a Lye in our Right Hand?*

When we consider the Magnitude of the Globe we inhabit, and have at the same time in our Minds the distances from one Town to
 O another

another on our own Island, we have an Idea of something Vastly Great. But when we compare This with the Unbounded Universe 'tis but a Spot, an Atom, the smallest Dust in the Balance. So when we consider Our Selves as compar'd with all the Species of Creatures below us; when we think upon the whole Compass of Humane Abilities, *Lord what is Man! Thou hast made him little lower than the Angels! Thou hast crown'd him with Glory, and Honour!* But when we turn our Thoughts to consider how much is hid from us.

Worlds beyond Worlds that deep in Æther lye.
Philips.

When we remember that of that (comparatively) Little Number of Persuasions we Can have, how Few are without some Mixture of Doubt, and how many where our Doubts, tho' overbalanc'd are Otherwise
Consi-

Considerable; and tho' we cannot say Which are so, yet that 'tis very Reasonable to Believe Many of our Assents are Wrong, but always in the Degree; not as being disproportionate to the present Appearance of Evidence, but because That Appearance is impossible to be perfectly Just, Then, *Vain Man would fain be Wise, tho' Man is born like the Wild Asses Colt!* a Wild, Untaught Ass, the Colt of a Wild, Untaught Ass.

Since the Revolution the Coin of the Nation was in Such a Condition, 'twas so Clipp'd, Defac'd, and Counterfeited that the Legislature thought it necessary to call it in, and what every Man brought was exchange'd for what was New Coin'd, and as it should be. The World is much in the same Case with respect to the Stock of Science divided amongst us: Should every one be oblig'd to bring in

His Share, and Truths only to be return'd, what a vast Multitude of Rich Men, in their Own, and many in the Common Opinion would become Wretchedly Poor! What a Destruction would here be of admir'd Notions, and even suppos'd Demonstrations! How many Articles! How many entire Systems would Vanish, and be Forgotten!

Of all that Stock of Science God has bestow'd upon the Species in General but a very small Part can fall to the Share of any one of us in Particular; we have not Apprehensions, nor Judgments, nor Memories, nor Time, nor Opportunity to Come at, Retain, Manage, and Employ so many Ideas as to make us Perfect; Perfect! no, nor Tolerable Proficients in any One Considerable Science; Unless as compar'd with the rest, and so Some Few may be said (as it was of *Homer* very finely by a great Author)

thor) "*to look down upon the rest*
 "*of Mankind as on a Species be-*
 "*low them.* By far the greater
 Number cannot arrive to be Ma-
 sters in any one Branch of a Sci-
 ence; and what vast Multitudes,
 even the Herd of Mankind pass
 their whole Lives in applying them-
 selves to One Art, or Profession
 only, and those but Mean, and
 Inconsiderable ones, and yet with-
 out Distinguishing themselves even
 in These, how easy soever to be
 attain'd,

But of what Sort soever the Suc-
 cession of Ideas that perpetually em-
 ploys our Minds is composed as we
 can Steadily fix but upon one on-
 ly at a time All our Little Circle
 of Knowledge is reduced to that
 Single Point; We are but such as
 That happens to be: Whatever
 Stock of Science we may be, and
 commonly are supposed to be Ma-
 sters of, we in Reality possess no
 more

more than that One Idea: Which of those we have had Before may Return, or if Ever, or what New Ones may Arise none can know but God only.

Every Man therefore is perpetually Varying from himself according as the Ideas happen to be which arise, and pass along in his Mind, and which have an infinite Variety. *When I was a Child I thought as a Child;* but being become a Man those Childish things are pass'd away, and gone; And many of us after the Way which we Our Selves as well as Others Once call'd Heresy, and furiously Hated, or Persecuted as Such now worship the God of our Fathers.

As we differ from our Selves we differ no less from each Other. How Nobly are Some Mens Minds employ'd! And how Richly stor'd! Others how Empty! and Trifling!

(III)

*So Some Aspiring Oaks their Branches throw
Aloft, despising Vulgar Trees below;
Whilst These (Ignoble!) can contented be
With undistinguish'd Mediocrity;
Others more humble in the Woods are found,
And Wretched Shrubs scarce peep above the
Ground.*

Every Man differs from every Other Man in the Number, and Degrees of his Persuasions: no two Men in the World having the Same in all things: Some Propositions have been offer'd to Your Understanding which I have never heard of; and to Mine which have not reach'd You. Evidence has appear'd to One of us which has not been thought of by the Other; and the same Arguments have had Different Appearances. Of such Ideas as have been in Both our Minds (or such as nearly resemble each other) Some are Present to One, which are pass'd away from the Other, perhaps to return, perhaps not; As These now Present so
the

the Other also will, but never to return together so as to form the Same Mind in Both no more than the Clouds will have the very Form in the Heavens they now have. What a different Set of Opinions have the People of the several remote Countries of the World? The Brain of a *Chinese*, of a *French-Man*, a *West Indian*, an *Italian*, a *Lap-lander*, an *English-Man*, &c. are stor'd with Ideas strangely different: Nor would the Notions of any Two of these several Nations, or even of any One Family could they be set to View appear to be exactly alike in All things, or even upon any One Question consisting of any number of complicated Ideas.

Every Age of the World has the like Variety: Notions like the Fruits of the Earth have their Spring, their Summer, Autumn, and Winter; how many that have
been

been flourishing Systems are withered, and perished; and what more may, who can tell! With respect to Religion in particular: 'Tis true the whole Race of Mankind (except those Few which in that easy Gradation there is from an Atom up to the highest Archangel connects our Species to that of Brutes) have Agreed in the General Notion of the Existence of a God, and have been Constant to it. In *China* there is a Religion for the *Mandarins*, and another for the People; it hath always been much the same thing throughout the World; Some in all Ages, and Countreys have contented themselves with such Discoveries of the Deity as Humane Reason could attain to; whether they call'd that Incomprehensible Being by the Name of *Baal*, or *Jehovah*, *Jupiter*, or God, or whatever other Sound, or Characters they thought fit to express that Idea

P

dea by; and whether they address'd themselves to him in the most Simple, and Rational Manner, or comply'd with the Worship of their several Times, and Countreys, establish'd by the Wisdom of their several Legislators. Be this as it will; 'Tis certain that the Notions of the Generality of Men with respect to the Deity, the Ways of Conceiving of him, and his Attributes; and what Manner of Worship is most acceptable to him, and likely to prevail with him to turn the Course of things into that Channel which they conceive most advantageous to Themselves, whether these are supposed to be derived from Divine Revelation, or Authority purely Humane; I say in These things Men have vary'd exceedingly; and one Age from another. Sacrifices are now no more throughout the World; and the Multitude of Sacred Names ador'd
or

or rever'd in Ancient *Rome* are succeeded there by others intirely New, but most of these are Already Forgotten, and Unknown to many Other Parts of Christendom. To come to our own Island in particular. How the Case stood Before God knows, but for many Ages the *Druids* were our Spiritual Guides: At length Heathenism gave place to Christianity: How different That was which was brought hither by *Austin* the Monk, from what it was at the time of the Reformation, those that are acquainted with Ecclesiastical History know very well: And that the Monk's Christianity differ'd much from that of the first Christians (that of *Joseph* of *Arimathea* who 'tis said first preach'd the Gospel here,) is as well known. At the Reformation a Great, and a Noble Change was made; but what Changes have we gone through since! Calvinism, Arminianism, E-

P 2 piscopacy,

piscopacy, Presbytery, Independency, Anarchy, all have prevail'd in their Turns. One while a furious Aversion to Popery, then comes another as furious against Protestant Dissenters: At one time Zeal for Religion as a Means of Salvation, at another Zeal for the Church, almost as great without that Appearance of Piety. This puts me in mind of a Humorous Epigram I have met with somewhere.

*Our Grandfathers they were Papists,
Our Fathers Oliverians,
Their Beards 'tis said are Atheists,
Ours must be Cursed Queer ones.*

All Nature is in perpetual Motion; as Time never stands still, neither do our Bodies continue the Same, but are ever changing; and the Tenderness of Infancy is transform'd to Wither'd Old Age by Insensible Steps; but we are always stepping on: So 'tis with our Minds;
Ideas

Ideas are continually arising; Whether (as Seems) Spontaneously, or Suggested to us by our Senses, or by what means soever; These pass away to give place to Others, so that the Scene Within is eternally shifting from what it was. That Great Set of Ideas which is compos'd of all those now possess'd by all Mankind is already chang'd, and whilst I am writing this Line is almost intirely different from what it was when the Thought first came into my own Mind; Even this Thought, tho' it appears still to be Right, and perhaps Always will do so whenever it returns, if it Ever does, yet there is a Change whilst I am forming every Letter; 'tis Stronger, 'tis weaker, it disappears, others arise, it returns; Things have a different View every Moment.

Now as when one would compose a certain Tinct of Colour (to illustrate what I am saying by Something

thing in my own Way) the same Colours, and Exactly the Same Quantities of each must be employ'd; the least Particle more, or less, makes it impossible it should be the Same: So to produce Exactly the Same Idea as I have had heretofore: Or the Same in My Mind as You are possess'd of, the very same Circumstances must concur, which being impossible, there must be a Difference, tho' (as in the former Case) 'tis sometimes so little as to be imperceptible; but still that there is such Difference in Reality is evident to a Demonstration.

Whether that Incomprehensible Mind that presides over every the Smallest Particle of Matter throughout the Universe, does alike Produce, Direct, and Govern every one of that great, and eternally changing Set of Ideas from time to time possessed by every Intellignt Being; and consequently their Causes

ses

ses *ad infinitum*: Whether we have any greater Power over our Minds than over our Bodies, and can Add to, or Alter our Ideas any more than we can raise our Selves a Cubit higher, or Change the Colour of a Single hair; in short whether our Wills are Free is a Noble Enquiry, because the Effect of it may be a most Beautiful, Simple, and Unexceptionable System of things. But as This would be to go out of that Train of Thought I am upon, and which is my present Affair, I chuse rather to go on to observe, That

However Different we are from Our Selves; Or One Man is from Another, Every Man is an Epitome of the Whole Species: The Wisest amongst us is a Fool in Some things, as the Lowest amongst Men has some Just Notions, and therein is as Wise as *Socrates*; So that every Man resembles a Statue made to stand against a Wall, or in a Nich,
On

on One Side 'tis a *Plato*, an *Apol-
lo*, a *Demosthenes*; on the Other
'tis a Rough, Unformed Piece of
Stone.

And notwithstanding this Vast
Variety of Sentiments amongst
Men; notwithstanding Truth is
always the Same, and is a Single
Point, tho' Error is Infinite; Ever-
ry Man (as he must Necessarily)
thinks Himself in the Right, and
that all that differ from Him are
Mistaken; and accordingly Every
Man is contented with Himself,
and Laughs at, or Pities all the
rest. I know not who has said it,
but he has given a fine Image of
Mankind in This Light.

*So one Fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his Empty Noddle at his Brother.*

Thus (to summ up what I have
been saying) Our Knowledge ari-
sing from Imperfect Evidence, Im-
perfectly convey'd, must be Imper-
fect,

fect, and mix'd with Doubt, and Error, and that in all Degrees; And Every Man differs from Himself in These particulars, and from Every Other Man; and the Scene is Eternally Changing: But Every Man is partly a Wise Man, and partly a Fool; However we all see the Fool's Cap on Every Body's head but our Own.

The Reflection we shall naturally make upon the View of the State of Humane Understanding Hitherto is but a Melancholy one; Especially when 'tis remember'd that (being suppos'd Free, and therefore Accountable for all our Thoughts, and Actions) among the Other Uncertainties we are in, 'tis made a Question Whether, and How far an Erroneous Judgment will excuse our deviations from what is Good Absolutely consider'd; 'Tis not my business to decide in this Nice Case, only for my self which

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I do

I do as well as I can ; but instead of that I will take leave to set down a Passage in my beloved *Milton* applicable to my present Purpose. *Eve* upon a certain Occasion says

*Frail is our Happiness if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.*

*To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd ;
O Woman best are all things as the Will
Of God ordain'd them, his Creating hand
Nothing Imperfect, or Deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy State secure,
Secure from outward force, within Himself
The danger lyes——*

I have launch'd farther into These matters than I intended When I first set my self to consider the State of Humane Understanding in General as my Subject Oblig'd me to do ; But being engag'd I could not content my self without as Complete a Discourse upon this head as I could make in the compass I thought might be allow'd in this *Episodical* way.

I will

I will then go on, for I have not yet quite finish'd my View, the Beautiful Part of the Prospect remains behind. What I have hitherto said is True, but 'tis also to be noted that what is most Important to our Happiness in this World is the most Evident to us.

One Instance of the clear Light we have is in relation to Our Practice: Notwithstanding the great Doubts we may be under as to the Lawfulness of any Action, Whether upon Account of the Moral, or Natural, or any Reveal'd, or Instituted Law; and particularly upon what Is, or is Suppos'd to be our Duty with relation to that very Situation of Mind, the Effect it ought to have upon the Choice of our Actions, apart from all other Respects; And which has been made much more Obscure by the Carelessness, or Inaccuracy of those who have undertaken to Explain this

Q 2 Matter;

Matter ; I say notwithstanding all This the Way is as Plain before us as a Self Evident Principle can make it : For *when a Man judges he has Consider'd Enough*, and sees what he thinks is upon the Whole most Probably his Duty, he is driven upon a Point ; He cannot consider farther, he cannot do any other Action but This Probable one ; Every thing else is Against Faith, Against Persuasion. This is the Safest, and Best, 'tis the Only thing he can possibly do with a Good Conscience ; and Here *his Conscience Condemns him not, he has Confidence with God*. Probability Thus, even tho' it arises but just above the *Equilibrium* of the Mind is Equivalent to Certainty ; And Thus Certainty is Ultimately had, tho' not Before, or Otherwise.

Again ; The Generality of Mankind are persuaded of a Future State, and that it will be exceeding Happy,

py, or very Wretched; they are however infinitely divided in their Opinions concerning the Way to Obtain the Happiness, and Avoid the Misery, tho' Generally speaking the several Sects pretend to Divine, Supernatural Revelation for their Guide, and Authority in this matter. Those that have fix'd upon what They conceive to be the True Revelation (whether With, or Without Examination) meet with vast Difficulties, and Perplexities many times in judging what is Essential, and Fundamental; and when they come to enquire whether They have the necessary Qualifications, whether they have comply'd with the Requisite Conditions, they are altogether as much at a loss, even supposing they were satisfied as to what those Conditions were; but many believe that a very Small, a very Inconsiderable number (Comparatively) can possibly arrive to
those

those heights of Faith, and Purity that are absolutely necessary. In the midst of all this Darkness *Nature* Generally *prevails above Principle*; that great Fundamental of Natural Religion, which almost all Men are Fully persuaded of, That the Goodness, and Justice of God, permits him not to condemn a Sincere Man is a sure Refuge; Thither they all fly; 'tis the *Dernier Ressort* of the whole Species, the *Magna Charta* of the Universe.

When I was speaking of the Perplexities, and Difficulties in which we were with relation to a System of Articles, and what is Essential, and Fundamental I had regard to the General State of Mankind; But what is Right in the midst of all this Variety of Pretences we may be as Sure of as we can be of What passes within our Selves, and of the first Principles of Reason, and the clearest Deductions from
thence:

thence: As Sure of as that (for Example) there are a certain number of *Satellites* always attending on *Jupiter*, or *Saturn*; they cannot be seen indeed with the naked Eye, nor without knowing how to fix the Telescope, but That being done 'tis evident beyond Contradiction. And This is another Instance of Light we have in these Important Cases.

I will mention but One more, and that is; Tho' we can have no Adequate Idea of the Supreme Being; tho' we are exceedingly at a loss in many Questions concerning him, yet that *Infinite Reason presides* we see very evidently; we can be satisfied we are not (as a late Author expresses it) exposed here in a Fatherless World. But that our Selves, and all our Affairs, and the whole Compass of Eternity, and Immensity is under the Care, Conduct, and Protection of One who is
Infi-

Infinitely Wise, Just, Good, and Powerful, which Infinite Reason must be. Let us call this Incomprehensible Something, GOD, or by whatever other Name. Thus much we can be assured of concerning him, and more it concerns us not to know to our Present Purpose, whatever may be required as an Article of Faith, which I Dispute not, nor any thing else Legally establish'd.

*All these Inferiour Beings, Numberless,
(Great in Themselves, Inferiour yet to Thee)
Eternally obey Thy Sovereign Will,
Governing always, Irresistable,
Unchangeable, Impossible to Err,
Impossible to Chuse but what is Best.
Such the Perfection of Thy Nature is!
Not Over-ru'd, Compell'd, Subordinate,
As other Necessary Agents are,
To Fate Subjected, Thou thy self art Fate.*

I cannot finish this Reflection upon Humane Understanding better than with these few Lines out of *Milton*, who I can never bring in too often if it be not improperly.

Henceforth

Henceforth I learn that to Obey is Best,
 And Love with Fear the only God, to walk
 As in his Presence, ever to observe
 His Providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his Works, with Good
 Still overcoming Evil.

This having learnt thou hast attain'd the Summ
 Of Wisdom; hope no higher, tho' all the Stars
 Thou know'st by name, and all th' Etherial Pow'rs,
 All Secrets of the Deep, all Nature's Works,
 Or Works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or
 Sea,

only add
 Deeds to thy Knowledge answerable, add Faith,
 Add Virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charity, the Soul
 Of all the rest: Then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee happier far.

I ask Pardon of the Divines that
 I so often set my foot upon Holy
 Ground; They will have the Good-
 ness to consider we Painters are a
 sort of Lay-Brothers by Profession,
 as well as Historians, Poets, and
 Philosophers; And besides They
 may make Reprisals upon Us, and
 talk of Painting as much as They
 please.

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Let

Let us now see whether in the Science I am treating of, as much Certainty is not to be had as perhaps in any other whatsoever. With an Exception always to what is Incontestably Divinely Reveal'd, both as to the Revelation itself, and the Sense of it; and to what is Mathematically Demonstrable.

A very little Reflection on what has been said, and on what is seen abroad in the World will give us an Idea of Other Sciences as to the particular we are at present upon.

I will now shew how That matter stands with relation to *Connoissance* in its several Branches, The Knowledge of the Goodness of a Picture, Drawing, &c. The Distinguishing of Hands, and Originals, and Copies.

Rules may be establish'd so clearly derived from Reason as to be Incontestable. If the Design of the Picture be (as in General it is) to
Please

Pleafe, and Improve the Mind (as in Poetry) the Story must have all possible Advantages given to it, and the Actors must have the Utmost Grace, and Dignity their several Characters will admit of: If Historical, and Natural Truth only be intended That must be follow'd; tho' the Best Choice of These must be made; In Both Cases Unity of Time, Place, and Action ought to be observ'd: The Composition must be such as to make the Thoughts appear at first Sight, and the Principal of them the most conspicuously; And the Whole must be so contrived as to be a Grateful Object to the Eye, both as to the Colours, and the Masses of Light, and Shadow. These things are so evident as not to admit of any Dispute, or Contradiction; As it also is that the Expression must be Strong, the Drawing Just, the Colouring Clean, and Beautiful, the Handling Easy,

and Light, and all These Proper to the Subject. Nor will it be difficult to know Assuredly what is so, unless with relation to the Justness of the Drawing; but to know in the Main whether any thing is Lame, Distorted, Mis-shapen, ill Proportioned, or Flat, or on the contrary Round, and Beautiful is what any Eye that is tolerably Curious can judge of.

The Rules being Fix'd, and Certain; Whether a Picture, or Drawing has the Properties required is easily seen, and when they are discover'd a Man is as certain he sees what he thinks he sees as in any other Case where his own Senses convey the Evidence to his Understanding.

And by being accustomed to See, and Observe the Best Pictures a Man may judge in what Degree these Excellencies are in That under consideration; for all things must be
judg'd

judg'd of by Comparison, That will be thought the Best that is the Best we know of.

If a Picture has Any of the Good Properties I have been speaking of, (as None has All) we can see Which, or How many they have, and What they are, and can tell what Rank they ought to hold in our Estimation, and whether the Excellencies they have will atone for those they Want, as the most Delicate Pencil, the Finest Colouring, the greatest Force, (tho' these are Valuable) will not make amends for a Lewd, or Prophane Subject, a Poor and Insipid Way of Thinking, Lameness, or Stiffness, want of Harmony, and Tame-ness, Meaness, and Ungracefulness throughout; For this would be like Good Language, and Muscal Numbers in a Poem without Sense, Invention, Elevation, Propriety, and the Other Requisites in Poetry.

Without

Without Principles a Man is in the Dark, and fluctuates in Uncertainty, but having These One may be Steddy, and Clear; If Care be taken to keep to them, and that we do not judge by Something else besides, or instead of Them; and moreover that they be Solid, and Just.

Here now is a very great Degree of Certainty to be had in by much the most Material Branch of the Science. And That being Secured 'tis Comparatively of little Consequence of what Hand a Work is, Or whether 'tis an Original, or not.

But Here too there are many Cases wherein we can have an Equal Degree of Assurance as in the Former. Thus it is with respect to the Best Works of the Best Masters, Especially when if 'tis a Picture, History, or Tradition confirms our Opinion; and if a Drawing

ing 'tis known for what Picture 'twas made: Or when we have an Opportunity (which frequently happens) of comparing One of the Same Master, and Manner with Another. In the Best Works of the Best Masters not only their Characters are evidently seen, but Here they are exalted above the possibility of being Coppied, or Imitated so as not to be discovered. And besides Providence has preserved to Us a Sufficient Number of the Works of these Excellent Men whereon Securely to form our Ideas concerning them.

A like Degree of Evidence we have for the Works of those who have been great *Mannerists*; and of whom we have many Pictures, or Drawings. 'Tis true a tolerable Copy of One of these Masters may at first Sight be taken for an Original, as an Imitation may be thought to be Genuine; but 'tis very rarely found

found that the difference is not plainly discovered with a little Attention; Generally 'tis seen Immediately, and Incontestably.

There are many Sketches, or other Free-Works, whether Pictures, or Drawings of whose Originality we are also Absolutely Certain.

I pretend not to go through all the Cases wherein this Assurance, or high Degree of Persuasion is to be had, it would be too tedious. We may be Reasonably well Persuaded in many Others; as where we have considerable Numbers of Genuine Works of Masters not so Excellent, nor whose Manners are more particularly remarkable. We may also be Thus persuaded of those that are not the Best of the Greatest Hands, Or Manners which they Seldom used; and that by comparing These Works with Those which are indisputable: For there is in All the Masters, tho' not in All Equally,
a cer-

a certain Character, and Peculiarity that runs thro' all their Works in some Measure, and which a Good *Connoisseur* knows, tho' he cannot describe it to Another.

This way of Comparison too helps us to a higher Degree of Persuasion than Otherwise we should have had with relation to the Works of Masters of whom we have but a small Number; As for Example of *Dominichino*; We know his general Character, That is establish'd by those few of his Works that are in *Rome, Naples*, and elsewhere, and by the Writers; as we also know the Character of *Annibale Caracci* by the same means, but in a greater Degree. If then we cannot confront a Work thought to be of the Former, with Another already judg'd to be of Him, it may be of considerable use to compare it with one of *Annibale*, and to see what Degree, and Kind of Goodness it

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has in that Comparison, and whether that Answers to the Character of *Dominichino* as compar'd with the Other; If it does 'tis an Additional Evidence over and above what we had before.

From these we descend to more Doubtful Cases, which 'tis troublesome, and of no great use to enumerate; Only in General this is certain, that These Cases are such as are of the Least Consequence, as being for the most part with relation to some of the Worst Works of the Better Masters, Or those of Inconsiderable ones. If 'tis Doubtful whether a Picture, or a Drawing is a Copy, or an Original, 'tis of little Consequence which it is; and More, or Less in proportion as 'tis Doubtful: If the Case be exceeding Difficult, or Impossible to be Determin'd 'tis no matter whether 'tis Determin'd or no; the Picture supposing it to be a Copy must be in
a man-

a manner as Good as the Original, and supposing That to be one of the Best of the Master 'tis the Greater Curiosity that he could be so well Imitated; If the Question be whether 'tis a Copy, or an Original, one of the most Indifferent ones of the Master; Such an Original is of no great Consequence to be known, 'tis no matter whether 'tis so, or a Copy.

After all it must be acknowledg'd that as in Other Sciences there are certain Branches of them wherein One Man excels, and Another in Others, but knows little of the rest; So in *Connoissance*, No One Man can be acquainted with the Hands of All, even of the most considerable Masters; nor with all the Manners perhaps of any One of those who have had great Variety of them; Nor to be very Expert in more than a few of These: He must be contented with a Moderate

Skill in many, and to be Utterly Ignorant in Some of them: Such is the Narrowness of our Faculties, the Extent of the Science, or the want of Helps, and Materials for the Study.

However let it be remember'd too That Every *Connoisseur* may judge concerning the Goodness of a Picture, or Drawing as to all the Parts of it except the Invention, and Expression in History, and the Resemblance in Portraits; and these no One Man can judge Accurately of in All Cases, because no One Man can be acquainted with all the Stories, or Fables, or other Subjects of the Picture; as no One Man can know Every Body.

Thus (I think) I have given the true State of the Case with relation to Our Knowledge in General, and That which is to be had in the Science I am treating of; by which it will appear that in This respect we
are.

are upon an Equality (at least) with Most Other Sciences, if we have not the Advantage of them.

The Variety of Opinions of *Connoisseurs*, or Such as Pretend to be so, will be made an Objection to what I have advanced. And it may seem to be a very Considerable One, I will therefore besides what has been already discoursed in general of the Impossibility of Men's agreeing in their Sentiments from the Nature of things, the Appearance of Evidence being necessarily so various to Every one of us, and we as Necessarily Judging according to That, whatever it be. I say besides This I will give a Particular Answer to this Objection, and therein shew how it comes to pass that Men have these Different Views, and consequently Different Opinions; And that This does not Always happen from the Obscurity of the Science, but frequently from Some Defect in the

the Men, or in their Management on These Occasions; so as to render These their Opinions utterly Insignificant. And having done this I will proceed to shew That there is not altogether so great a Variety of Opinions as there Seems to be.

There are some People who never had any Opinions of their Own Properly Speaking, but have taken up their Notions upon Trust; They talk from Whim, or Fancy, or as they have heard Others Talk, without Fixing upon, or Establishing any certain Principles; whereby to Conduct themselves in This Affair.

Others may have Consider'd More, but to as little Purpose, having gone upon Principles False, or Precarious; to which they are Bigotted, and resolve to adhere; Never Impartially Enquiring whether they were in the Right or no, Or perhaps so much as suspecting
they

they were not, or Imagining such a thing was possible.

As the Former never studied at all, These have done so but in Part; They have not dug down to the Foundation, but taken That as they found it: And as Truth lies in one Single Point, and Error is Infinite, Such People as These may Study, Dispute, and Wrangle Eternally, and always find Plausible Arguments on Both Sides, but never get out of the Labyrinth.

Some People if they have had the Opportunity of Seeing Good things, Especially if they have been Abroad, and above all in *Italy*: Or if they have the Names of Some of the Masters, and a little of their History, set up for *Connoisseurs* without taking the Requisite Pains to be Really what they affect to be Thought to be; Just like a Young Pert Divine who if he has been a certain time at the University, and

read

read *Aristotle*, and the Fathers thinks himself a Match for *Hobbs*, or *Bel-larmine*.

Again, Some there are who are Incapable of being Good *Connoisseurs*, let them take what Pains they will, Those that want Genius, and a Competent Measure of Understanding can never penetrate into the Beauties, or Defects of a Picture; They can never be Judges of the Degrees of its Goodness. And Those that know not how to form Clear, and Distinct Ideas, and have not a Memory to Retain, and Skill to Manage them, can never be good Judges of Hands, or know Copies from Originals.

A Man may be a Good *Connoisseur* in General, and an Ingenious Man, and yet his Judgment in many Cases is not to be regarded; he may be exactly upon the Level with Those that are neither One, nor the Other: There is a certain Circle

cle, beyond which the Wisest Men are Fools; Every Man's Capacity has its bounds; and 'tis not Every One's Talent to know the Utmost Extent of These, or to keep themselves from making Excursions. One *Connoisseur* is well acquainted with the Hands of Some of the Masters, or with Some of their Manners, but not with Others; If he pretends to give his Judgment in those Cases wherein he is Ignorant 'tis an Equal Chance but he is Wrong; and if he is so, Another that may not be a Better *Connoisseur* in the Main, tho' he is so in This particular, will probably differ from him. The Dispute then will lie between a Wise Man, and a Fool *quoad hoc*, but that there is a Dispute at all is not from the Obscurity of the Science, but the Indiscretion of one of the Disputants. I have observed frequent Instances of this Inequality in Ingenious Men with some Surprize;

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I have

I have known the Same Man talk like a very Able *Connoisseur* at One time, and at Another like One that had never consider'd these things at all: Whether 'twas that he was at such times Careless, or Absent from Himself; Or that he was really out of his Depth in those Particulars I know not.

To Conclude: There is not so great a Difference in Opinions in Some Cases, nor so great a Conformity in Others as there Seems to be amongst Men.

When One says a Picture is Good and the Other the contrary, Either may fix upon certain Properties wherein Both may be in the Right; The only Fault may be in Denominating the whole from a Part, and not Understanding One Another.

Some Men, and indeed All Men at Some times will give their Judgments in Haste, and before they have enough Consider'd, and Recollected

collected themselves; Whether from a Natural Vivacity of Temper, an Affectation of appearing to be Ready at these things, or from whatever other Cause; Such Sudden Opinions are commonly different from what the Same Person's more Deliberate Judgment is: But such is the Pride, and Folly of Some People that what they have Once said, the Opinion they have once Espous'd they will adhere to, how much in the Wrong soever they may find themselves to have been; and this rather than Own 'twas possible for Them to have been Mistaken; Tho' that is common to the Wisest of Men, and the persisting in a Known Error None but a Fool (in That respect at least) is capable of: That has no Dishonour in it, and oftentimes the Contrary; The Other is Shameful, and Ridiculous.

Some are Exorbitant in the Praises

ses of what Themselves Possess, and as much Depreciate every thing else; and that from Partiality on the one Hand, and pure Malice, and Ill Nature on the Other; but however it be, an Account is Thus given of Pictures, or Drawings very Different from what will be had from other *Connoisseurs*. Just as I have seen Party-men in Civil, or Religious Matters represent the Cause they Espouse as *without Spot, or Blemish*, and that of their Opponents as utterly absurd, and Mischievous; Whereas the Great Difference is in their Interests, and Inclinations, not in their Judgments.

Men frequently Dissemble their Real Sentiments in *Connoissance*; and that either with an Ill Intention, or very Justifiably. The first of These Cases many a Gentleman has known to have happened to his Cost in Some Instances; and in More they never Have been, nor ever

ever Will be Undeceiv'd. There are Picture-Jockeys who will make what Advantage they can of the Credulity of Others, and their own Superiour Understandings in That Particular, and to that End assert what Themselves believe to be False.

Others again put on the Mask for Their Own Sakes in part, and partly for the Sakes of Other People. We frequently meet with Pictures, or Drawings which we know are not what The Owners of them take them to be: What can we do in This Case? What, but the Same as Every Wise Man Must, and Will do in like Circumstances; and many Cases there are in the World where Wise Men are Thought to think Otherwise than they do, because they are too Wise to tell their Real Thoughts; the Maxim which Sir *Henry Wootton* recommended to Mr. *Milton* when he was entering upon

upon his Travels *i Pensieri Stretti*,
 & *il Viso Sciolto*. Close Thoughts,
 and an Open Countenance is as ne-
 cessary to be observ'd by *Connois-*
seurs, as Travellers, or any other
 Sort of Men whatsoever. Some
 Years since a very Honest Gentle-
 man, a (Rough Man) came to me,
 and amongst Other Discourse with
 abundance of Civility invited me
 to his House. I have (says he) a
 Picture of *Rubens*, 'tis a Rare good
 one; Mr. ——— was t'other Day to
 see it, and says 'tis a Copy; G——
 d—— him If any One says That
 Picture is a Copy I'll break his Head;
 Pray Mr. *Richardson* will you do me
 the Favour to come, and give me
 Your Opinion of it. Mankind is gene-
 rally dispos'd to Believe Those who
 tell them what they would have to
 be true; Not because their Assent
 is regulated by their Passions, and
 differently from the Evidence as it
 Appears to Them; but they really
 conceive

conceive a better Opinion of These People, and think their Judgment is better than the Others; and These kind of Arguments being what they rely upon in This Case, they appear Stronger on That Side than on the Other; their Minds being also more apply'd to the Consideration of These, than Those Other.

And These People have a Degree of Happiness by Error in This Case which Truth would deprive them of, and consequently they would Suffer by it; And Truth, and Error are Indifferent to us, but as Either tends to our Good, that is to our Happiness; Or in other Words, the Degree of our Enjoyments, the whole Duration of our Existence being taken into the Account. In this World we probably Enjoy as much from our Ignorance, and Mistakes, as from our Knowledge, and True Judgments; And we are
many

many times in Such Circumstances that Truth would make us extremely Wretched ; so that he is Mischievous to us who opens our Eyes. A Good *Connoisseur* therefore, who is withal a Plain, Sincere Man has great difficulties many times when he sees a Collection, or a Single Picture, or two ; Chiefly when Gentlemen will urge him to give his Opinion of Something they have lately Acquir'd, and the *Honey-Moon* is not yet over. On these Occasions one cannot avoid applying the Words of our Saviour to His Disciples ; *I have many things to say to you, but you cannot Bear them now.*

I should be very loath to be an Advocate for Insincerity of Any kind, and indeed I am very unfit for it : If the State of things would admit of it I should be glad to come into a General Agreement never to conceal the least Thought of the heart

heart by any Word, Look, or Action whatsoever; But as the Case now stands the Disguises I have been pleading for are so necessary; and they are so much the same with those Complements, and Civilities Universally practised, that he that is Deceiv'd by them if he should Discover it would Acquit, and Approve the Deceiver; Or they will not Deceive at all.

I will however take the liberty to put Gentlemen in Mind of the great Injury they do themselves by their being so *Entêté* of their Own things, as not to permit Every one to speak their Minds freely, and without Reserve; not only their Judgments by this means are kept Low, but they are Sufferers in their Purfes; they lie open to be impos'd on, and in Fact too often fling away their Money upon Trash: They have Pleasure indeed, but they might have That too, and Greater, and

U more

more Durable without those Disadvantages ; nay with the contrary Circumstances ; they might become Good *Connoisseurs*, and be Good Oeconomists at the same time.

Another Instance of an Apparent, but no Real Difference in the Opinions of *Connoisseurs* is This, (and 'tis the Last I shall mention) 'Tis very Common for Other People (not the Owners) to ask our Opinions of Pictures, or Collections when there may be good Reasons why we should not be very Exact, and Particular in our Answers ; Especially if the Things are to be Disposed of, and the Question is ask'd in a Large, and Mix'd Company: In That Case the Usual Way is to Avoid the mention of any Faults, and to say what Good we can in General Terms: Which kind of Character is indeed no other than a Tub flung out for the Whale to play with that the Ship might get rid of him;

him; for it gives no Idea, or none should be taken from thence; the Man that has got it is Certainly not one jot the Wiser for it how well Satisfied soever he may be with it.

At Other times we may have as Good Reasons to be Clear, and Explicit in our Characters: If these two Accounts happen to be compar'd, (as they often are) there will appear a Difference in Judgment, or Insincerity; when those who gave them were of the Same Mind all along, and spake nothing but the Truth, tho' not All the Truth.

Some Casuists have said No Man is bound to deliver Truth to him who has no Right to demand it. Of what Use soever this Rule may be towards the disentangling us from the Perplexities we find in the Definition of a Criminal Lie, thus far is Plain, and Certain, that we are not Oblig'd to give our Opinions

to those who are not Entitled to them, whether by Promise, Gratitude, Common Justice, or Prudence.

Understanding in a Science, as all other Natural, or Acquir'd Advantages is the Possessor's Property, which Every Man SELLS at as Good a Rate as he can for Value Received, or Expected. This is Common to All Orders of Men; Why *Connisseurs* should be expected to distinguish themselves by their Generosity, or Prodigality is Unaccountable. But it would be altogether Absurd for them to do it, when they shall be sure to create to themselves Enemies by that means, and that only to Satisfie an Insignificant Curiosity, or even to Serve Those who Probably will never think Themselves Oblig'd, or Remember it afterwards.

Because therefore we cannot Otherwise avoid Some Peoples Importunity

tunity we are forced to be provided, as with Gold, and Silver to pay our Debts, or purchase Necessaries, or Conveniencies, So with Half-pence for Beggars.

SECT. III.

I am now come to the Third Branch of Argument, whereby I would recommend the Love of Painting, and Study of *Connoissance*, upon Account of the Pleasure 'tis capable of affording.

I flatter my self it has been observ'd that I have endeavour'd hitherto to go to the Bottom of my Subject, and to treat it with all the Dignity I was able, and so as it might be acceptable to Gentlemen who are Not yet Lovers, and *Connoisseurs*, to whom, as well as to those that Are, I have throughout address'd my self, tho' more particularly in the present Treatise. In Prosecution of the Same Design I shall
here
?

here be engag'd in a short Discourse to shew what Improvements may be made in our Pleasures, in order to introduce That in particular which I am to recommend as Such: So that I will not only shew that there is Pleasure to be had in *Connoissance*, but endeavour to facilitate the Enjoyment of it.

I said it would be a Short Discourse; for tho' (as I took the liberty to say) I have labour'd to finish my Main Subject as highly as I could, it will not be expected the Incidental ones should be other than Sketches. Such as it is, I offer it to the Reader as a Plan for a Happy Life.

“ *Whether thou
 “ Visit'st my Lonely, Chearful, Evening Haunts,
 “ Or those more Chearful yet when dewy Morn
 Purples the East, still govern thou my Song
 Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' Few:
 But drive far off the barbarous Dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his Revellers, the race
 Of that wild Rout that tore the Thracian Bard
 In Rhodope, where Woods, and Rocks had Ears
 To rapture 'till the Savage Clamour drown'd*

Both

*Both Harp, and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son.*

Milton.

The Desire of Happiness is the Spring that puts us all in Motion; We receive it together with the Breath of Life; We are touch'd by this Magnet upon our very Entrance into Being, and ever after tend thitherwards with all the Powers of our Souls: This is the End in which we All agree, tho' as to the Way there is infinite Variety, and Error. Pleasure is but another Name for Happiness, we are Happy in proportion as we are Pleas'd; the Summ Total of our Enjoyments, and the Degree of them during our Existence, being compar'd with that of our Sufferings, the Surplusage on the Side of Enjoyment is the Account of the Degree of Happiness to which we arrive; the Share which was allotted us of the Divine Bounty. Pleasure is our *Summum Bonum*;

num; and whatsoever Some Men may Pretend, or Fancy, God himself is consider'd by us as Such no otherwise than as 'tis conceiv'd he is the Fountain of Good to Us.

In our Deliberations, and Determinations concerning Actions to be done 'tis the Single Principle of Pleasure on which All turns Ultimately; Whatever Other Principle Seems to govern us; Whether Duty, Love of Virtue, Interest, Ambition, Sensuality, &c. All terminates in this one great Principle Self-Love; that first Motive to all our Actions, Pleasure: Tho' as a River being divided into several Streams loses its Name, and each Rivulet has one of its Own, This Principle being turn'd into various Channels we seem to act by Different Motives, when 'tis only the Same Differently turn'd; We all act by the Same First Principle, tho' by Different Subordinate ones.

In

In the Struggles betwixt Virtue, and Vice, the Question is only where most Pleasure is to be had: When we reject Sensual Criminal Pleasures, 'tis only that we may enjoy Others that we conceive Greater; 'tis only rejecting a Pleasure we find we cannot Enjoy but with Fear, Shame, Remorse, and such like Alloys, for what upon the foot of the Account we conceive will afford us Most Pleasure; a Consciousness of having done well, of having Acted like a Man, not like a Brute; together with the hopes of future Re-compense, and the Persuasion of having avoided Future Misery. When these Ideas are not in the Mind, or not to a Degree sufficient to weigh down what appears on the side of Present Enjoyment we evermore give way to Sensuality, the Tempter prevails.

So if we chuse Present Misery,
when in Competition with Ease,
X and

and Positive Enjoyment, 'tis because we perceive the One will be accompany'd with Mental Pleasures, the Other with Pains of that Sort, so as upon the Whole the Bodily Sufferings, together with the Mental Enjoyment will afford us most Pleasure. Thus *Cato* is as great an Epicure as *Apicius*, tho' the Men are very different with respect to the Esteem they ought to have as Members of Society, as well as on other Accounts.

Notwithstanding the perpetual Complaints of Men I am verily persuaded Every Man Enjoys more in this World than he Suffers; but whether be so, or not, this is certain that most Men might Enjoy more than they do if they took the right Course; As it Is, they have all the Pleasure they can get. The whole World is engag'd in one great Chace after Pleasure, but as there is great difference in the Sportsmen,
Some

Some are more Successful than Others; Some in Rough, and Dangerous Ways find Lean, Wretched Game; others what is Excellent in a Fine Countrey.

The Foundation of a Happy Life must be laid in the Idea we have of God.

Thou hast beset me behind, and before, and laid thine hand upon me. — Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy Presence? If I ascend up into Heaven thou art there. If I take the Wings of the Morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the Sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me; if I say surely the Darknes shall cover me; even the Night shall be light about me: Yea the Darknes hideth not from thee: but the Night shineth as the Day: the Darknes, and the Light are both alike to thee: Being thus under the Eye, and Power of
X 2 God,

God, from whence 'tis impossible to withdraw our Selves for one Moment, as most men know as well as this Divine Sacred *Hebrew* Poet, (tho' perhaps None ever said it so Finely) but None can possibly be Assured of the contrary, the Idea We happen to have of this Incomprehensible Being is of the utmost importance to our Happiness; If That be Black, and Terrible, let us divert the Thought as well as we can, it will obtrude it self, and like the Hand-writing upon the Wall turn away the Current of our Pleasures in their strongest Tides. If our Ideas of God be Confus'd, Unsettled, and Doubtful, 'twill be a proportionable Abatement to our Happiness; but on the contrary if we have Noble, and Worthy Conceptions of the Supreme Being the Mind is enriched thereby, and we have advanced far towards a Happy Life.

And

And if moreover we have such a perception of the Nature of Mankind, and such a Self-Consciousness as from thence, in Conjunction with the Notions we have of God we can form, and establish a Clear, and Firm Persuasion of our being entitled to his Protection, and Favour, This will be it self a Transcendent Delight; it will heighen, and give a Delicious Flavour to all our Other Enjoyments; We may be intrepid under all the Calamities of Life,

And fear of Death deliver to the Winds.

Milton.

*Whatever Point I fix my Thoughts upon
Throughout all Space I find Thee there, and Thou
Art ever present, and with humble Joy
I praise the Universal Sovereign
Not of this little Spot of Earth, and Sea,
And its attendant Luminaries bright,
His Sole Dominion, Heaven, and Hell except,
(His Court, and Prison-house;) but of more Worlds
Than there are Sands upon the Ocean shores,
Where Goodness infinite for ever reigns.
All things Subsist in Thee, in Thee Rejoyce,
Not Terrible, but as a Father Mild,
Beneficent, Indulgent, Bountiful:*

Thou

Thou dost not hate, or cruelly correct
 Imperfect Beings for Imperfect Acts;
 Or for Mistakes those not Infallible;
 Or those whose Actions, Words, or Thoughts, (Amis
 Altho' they be) Involuntary are,
 Or otherwise Constrain'd, and not their Own.
 No Passions Turbulent can discompose
 Thy Holy Mind Eternally Serene,
 But Joy Divine, and Wise Paternal Love,
 Uninterrupted dwells for ever there.
 O thou Supremely Amiable Being!
 Pure, uncompounded Essence! Happiness,
 And Goodness flows from Thee as from their Spring
 To all things else; Spring inexhaustible!
 Completely Good, and Happy in thy Self!

If it were proper, as upon several
 Accounts it is not, I should here
 discourse largely on this Great, De-
 lightful, and Useful Subject: I
 should then explain particularly
 what I meant, and support that
 Meaning by Arguments: Instead of
 all that I must leave the Reader to
 take some Pains for Himself, as I
 have done; and 'tis well worth all
 he can take. And he would do
 well to remember that by much the
 greatest part of the Difficulties, and
 Perplexities we meet withall in Rea-
 soning

soning upon whatever Subject are owing to our not going deep enough; but taking that for Truth which Ourselves do not See is so; Whereas nothing should be Borrowed, nothing Supposed, or taken for granted; All should be our Own; that is, it should become so by our seeing the Reasons upon which 'tis Bottom'd as clearly as we Presume Others have done.

This Main Point being Secured, and the Mind thereby in Repose, and Joyous, an Improvement in Pleasure may be made if one Part of our Idea of God is that he takes not Delight in our Miseries, and Sufferings.

Men are generally apt to imagine God to be such a one as themselves; and when Sour, Melancholly, Worn-out People undertake to instruct others in these matters, as they often do, they represent things accordingly. Hence (I conceive)
it

it is that it has been almost Universally thought that God takes Pleasure in our Pains and Afflictions. For my Own Part My Idea of him is just the Reverse of this. It Seems to Me much more Reasonable (I am speaking on the Supposition of Liberty of the Will according to the Common receiv'd Opinion) I say 'tis much more Reasonable in my Apprehension to believe that he approves of the Wisdom of those that Thankfully Enjoy the Good before them: And that to do Otherwise he esteems to be as *offering the Sacrifice of Fools*; and will say, *Who hath required this at your Hands?* What a fine Image does the Angel in *Milton* give us of the Supremely Good Being presiding over the Enjoyments of the Blessed in Heaven!

*On Flowers repos'd, and with fresh Flowrets crown'd
They Eat, they Drink, and in Communion Sweet
Quaff Immortality, and Joy; secure*

of

*Of farfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who shew'd
With copious hand, Rejoycing in their Joy.*

If we consider'd God as the Common Father of all his Creatures, These on Earth, as well as Those Above, we might have the same Pleasure in the Consciousness of having done Well when we Accepted an Enjoyment offer'd by his Providence, as when we Refus'd it; when we tasted Pleasure, as when we felt Pain: We might then Enjoy the Religious Pleasure, and the Natural one too: Thus he that has burnt Incense in a Golden Censer, might go away with an Opinion of his being as acceptable to the Deity, as he that has offered his Children to *Moloch*.

Being thus at liberty to pursue Pleasure, (as much a Paradox as it may seem) the way to improve this liberty to the greatest Advantage is to confine our Selves within the

Y Bounds

Bounds of Innocence, and Virtue.

And that not only because we are thereby entitled to the Favour of God, and have Peace of Conscience; such Theological Considerations I leave to Divines as being their Province; I only insist upon the bare natural Reason of the thing. Nor am I about to deny that a Libertine Voluptuary has many Pleasures which a Man of Virtue has not; But let it not be forgotten on the other side that he has Sufferings too which the other avoids; and has not Pleasures peculiar to Virtuous Men: weigh one thing with another, and then see how the Account stands.

Such is the Goodness of God that he has provided abundance of Pleasure for us; especially all those Actions which are necessary to the Preservation of the Species, and that of every Individual by a constant Supply of Aliment have Pleasure

sure annex'd to the Performance of them. But as our Appetites are apt to be inordinate thro' our excessive love of Pleasure, and our Bodies are so constituted, and Humane Laws have so well provided for the Common Good that the Pleasure may continue after the good Ends are serv'd, and then those things in which we find Delight become Hurtful; a Restraint must be put upon these Appetites, and this is called Virtue. Thus Chastity, and Temperance; and Temperance not only in Meats, and Drinks, but in Study, Application to Business, Exercise, or whatever other the most commendable Actions; these are Virtues, because by them we are restrain'd from impairing our Health, or our Fortunes, and shortening our Days, by which means we should be deprived of many Pleasures. Justice is a Virtue; the ardent Desire we have of Pleasure

fure being apt to carry us on to obtain it, or the Means of procuring it in such a manner as Probably may expose us to greater Mischief than will be countervail'd by the Advantages which we may hope to reap from such Unreasonable, and Illegal Methods. Fortitude, and Patience are also Virtues, as whereby we are enabled bravely to support our selves under the Pressures to which our Humane State is constantly liable, and even to fling off the Burthen; whereas a Feeble Mind gives way to Sloth, and sinks, and is Crush'd under it; in short, Prudence also is therefore a Virtue, because 'tis a Wise Management with regard to Time, Place, Persons, and the Occasion, whereby we receive many Advantages, and avoid as many Inconveniencies. I must not enlarge; but by what has been said it appears that in Reality *Virtue is the Oeconomy of Pleasure*: 'tis
 a Re-

a Restraint, that God, and Nature, and Wise Law-givers has put upon our Appetites: to what End? Spitefully to Retrench our Enjoyments? No, but to Enlarge, and Improve them. So that were I to paint the Fable of *Prodicus* as *Annibale Carracci* has done, I would not make the Way of Virtue Rough, and Stony, that of Vice should be so: He, and other Moralists have been injurious to Virtue when they have given us such Harsh Representations of her. *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.*

'Tis in every man's power to feed as Deliciously as *Lucullus*: Nature is not only contented with a little, but she has the greatest Abundance when she has but what she wants; all the rest is an Enemy to Pleasure.

By Temperance, and Sobriety a Common Meal is a Feast for an Epicure.

Epicure. True Rational Appetite turns Water into Wine, and every Glass is *Tokay*. He that satisfies the true Demands of well Regulated Nature tho' never so Cheaply

Blesses his Stars, and calls it Luxury.

As Temperance gives us the highest Pleasure at a very Easy Rate, a Virtuous Man in that Sense has no Temptation to Injustice. But what a Dignity of Mind does an Honest Man retain! How Easily, and Securely does he walk in his Plain, and Open Way! with the Approbation, and Applause not only of his Own Mind (an Inestimable Treasure!) but of all the World. And he that has true Magnanimity (like Job's *Leviathan*) *Laugheth at the Shaking of the Spear*. He is as it were exempt from the Common Miseries of Life, and in the midst of Dangers and Misfortunes

Rides

Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

(I take leave to profit my self of the Words of a Great Man, admirably used by him to another Purpose.) And as to the Advantages of Prudence they are well known, and the more Considerable as being Perpetual; there is not a Day, nor an Hour in which we have not Occasion for the Exercise of this Virtue, and as often taste the Fruits of it.

I have only touch'd on the Positive Advantages of Virtue. By this means we moreover escape innumerable Inconveniencies, and Mischiefs, which I must not, and which I need not here enumerate.

To conclude this head. Good Nature, Forgiveness of Injuries, Pity, Charity, and the like Social Virtues as they are never practised but when Self-Love is at the Bottom, however disguised it may happen to be; so being guided by Prudence

dence (without which they lose their Properties, and become Vices) they always have a natural tendency to our Happiness; as Hatred, Malice, Aversion, Rage, and such like Turbulent, and Uneasy Distempers of the Mind; and even the above mentioned Virtues themselves not conducted by Prudence, are Enemies; and as Such are to be avoided: And thus the View of the Follies, Impertinencies, Ill Nature, or Wickedness of Others should not be permitted to interrupt our Tranquillity; Such is the Advice of the Psalmist, *Fret not thy Self because of Evil Doers*; and which his Royal Son, renown'd for his Wisdom, as well as his being Inspir'd has repeated.

The next Step towards a Happy Life is to know how to Enjoy our Own.

Every Man is a distinct Being, an Island in the vast Ocean of the Universe;

Universe ; and among other Peculiarities he has his Own Enjoyments ; which 'tis his Business not only to be Contented with as being what is allotted him by Providence, and not to be mended by his Mistakes ; but to Improve as much as possible. If Another Man has Enjoyments which I have not, I have those He is a Stranger to ; but whether I have or no, 'tis my Own, not His I am to be concern'd about : Those I have are neither More, nor Less ; they are not Otherwise than they Are, be His what they will. I would gladly be as great a Painter as *Rafaelle*, but Providence did not appoint Me to be *Rafaelle*, nor *Rafaelle* Me, I must acquiesce in its appointment ; *By the Grace of God I am what I am* ; and will endeavour to Enjoy, and Improve my Own Lot ; So endeavour to Improve it as all the while to Enjoy, and so Enjoy as not neglecting to Improve.

Z

We

We have another kind of Property, and that is the Present time. We possess but one Single Point, the whole Circumference of Eternity belongs to Others. We talk of Years, we are Creatures but of a Day, a Moment! the Man I was Yesterday is now no more; If I live till to Morrow, That Man is not yet born: What that *Self* shall be is utterly unknown; what Ideas, what Opinions, what Joys, what Grievs; nay what Body, all is yet hid in the Womb of Time; but This we are sure of, I shall not be the Same, the present Fabrick will be demolish'd for ever. What is past we know, but 'tis vanish'd as a Morning Dream; we are moving on; and every Step we take is a Step in the Dark.

*As when a Comet from the Sun is thrown
An immense Distance amongst Worlds Unknown
After it fl'ws a Stream of glaring Light;
'Tis Day Behind, but all Before is Night.*

This

This is our Condition; we have nothing left, nothing in store; *we live* (as they say) *from Hand to Mouth*, The Present is the Substance, Past, and to Come are mere Shadows. If an Enjoyment is gone, it has had its Duration, which was as much a Property of it as any other: A Picture I was very much delighted with for about 20 Years was defac'd by an Accident; I consider'd I had enjoy'd it so many Years, and was thankful for that, 'twas all (it seems) that Providence design'd when 'twas bestow'd on me, and 'twas a Noble Gift, it would have been an Instance of Goodness if it had been but for a Month. If the Enjoyments of to Day are not Equal to those of Yesterday, those of to Day are not the Less, nor less to be enjoy'd; must I lessen the Account still by Teazing my self with the remembrance of God's extraordinary Goodness to me Then; in-

stead of being Thankful for That,
and for what I still Enjoy?

There is a perpetual Change,
and Succession of our Enjoyments;
So that we have a New Set every
Day; Some indeed continue several
Years, Others have a much shorter
Duration, and many there are
which spring up, and wither immediately. And if (as it often happens) instead of those that are Expir'd, and Vanish'd; Others More, and Greater have succeeded, this will add to the Folly, and Ingratitude of him who repines at what is gone, and overlooks what he Has.

To imbitter Present Enjoyments
with the Fears of what May be is another Piece of Mismanagement, and very commonly practis'd: Perhaps Something I am now delighted with may be Snatch'd from me, or some New Evil may arrive; but the Date of the Enjoyment is not yet expir'd, nor the unwelcome Guest
come:

come: the Present is what it Is,
and should not be alter'd by what
May, or May not be Hereafter.

Of all the Fears that are Enemies
to our Happiness that of Death is
the most Terrible and with good
reason, the Loss we fear being
Greater than any Other Loss can
be: But the Case is the same with
the great Comprehensive Blessing
Life as with any particular Enjoy-
ments, it has its Duration; and we
may as well regret 'twas not 1000
Years instead of threescore and
ten; as that it was but 50, 40, 30,
or whatever lesser Number of Years,
and not the full Age of some men:
He that dies at what Age soever had
the Duration allotted to that indi-
vidual Being, which 'twas as impos-
sible to alter as for a Fly to live
as long as an Elephant. What the
Angel in *Milton* says to *Adam* with
a little variation of the Sense, (as
being spoken on another Occasion)
is

is applicable to my present Purpose.

*Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n.*

Be not so Fond of Life, nor so Uneasy under the Inconveniencies of it as to diminish the Pleasure to be had in it; but live Well; Enjoy whilst you do live, be the time More, or Less: If we are to Die to Morrow, at least let us Live to Day.

*Cowards die many times before their Death
The Valiant never taste of Death but once.*

————— *Death a Necessary End
Will come when it will come.*

Shakesp. Jul. Cæs.

Not only Fear, but even Hope is many times an Abatement to our Happiness; as when we Overlook the Present Good by having our Eyes too Longingly fix'd on something at a distance. When Hope helps to make us Easy under what we Suffer; or when we Enjoy the Present

Present to the Full, and with an Addition rather than Otherwise from our Hopes all is Well; Hope is then Wisely manag'd; but else tis Absurd, and Injurious to us.

*The Earth's Foundations can'st thou move, or stay
The Ocean's Waves, or rapid Wheels of Day,
Then try to Alter, or to Know thy Fate:
'Tis Fix'd, 'tis Hid.*

*Nor thy Determin'd State O Man deplore;
'Tis Good, not Best; with Thanks the Gods adore, }
Their Gifts are Wisely giv'n; Expect no more. }
Regret not what is Past; the Present Good Enjoy;
Nor let vain Hopes, or Fears the Sweets of Life de-
stroy.*

And now nothing more remains towards obtaining a Happy Life but that we *Learn to be Pleas'd*. This is a Noble, and a Useful Science; it not only makes our Selves Happy, but communicates Happiness to all about us.

*Like Maia's Son he stood
And shook his Plumes that Heavenly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.* Milton.

'Tis

'Tis a wretched Turn many Peoples heads have taken; They are perpetually Depreciating every thing in This World; and seem to fancy there is a sort of Merit in so doing; As if the way to express the Esteem we had for what we hope God has provided for us in Another State was by railing at This; Or as if the Present was not also the Effect of his Goodness, and Bounty. It has been the Practice of all Polite People in all Ages, and Countreys to Disguise, or Hide those *Saletès*, and Defects which tho' Common to all Animals are a sort of Reproach to our Nature; and to endeavour to Exalt our Species as much as possible to what we conceive of the Angelick State: This also is one End of Painting, and Poetry; they are to impregnate our Minds with the most Sublime, and Beautiful Images of things; and thus in our Imaginations do Raise
all

all Nature some Degrees above what is Commonly, or Ever seen: Why should we not do thus with respect to our Condition in the particular now under Consideration? Why should we not represent it to one another, and to our selves in the Best manner the thing will bear; and if we must be in One Extreme, why not on the Right Side, and to our Advantage.

It must be own'd our Enjoyments are Short, Uncertain, and have their Alloy. But this is not an Abatement to our Happiness proportionable to the Clamour that is raised concerning it. If our Pleasures are Short, and Uncertain we have a Succession of them; so that Pleasure in General is not So, tho' Particular Ones Are. Aye but Life it self is Short: not if compar'd with that of most other Animals. And tho' we have many Sufferings, and our Pleasures are never Pure, and

A a

unmixt

unmixt, whether from our own Mismanagement (which is often the Case) or otherwise; We, even these Murmurers themselves are fed with a Quails, and Manna: There is not Day, not an Hour wherein the most wretched has not some Tastes of Pleasure; but the Generality of Men (as much a Wilderness as this World is) have a Flow of Enjoyments: not Perfect indeed, but such as are Suited to our Imperfect State; Happy, tho' to a certain Degree; such as Unerring Wisdom has appointed.

What is done with respect to our Condition in the Main is also commonly practised in particular Cases; One Cross Circumstance puts us so out of Humour as to make us incapable of Pleasure from the many Advantageous Ones that are in our Hands.

We should therefore learn to consider things as they are, and to Expect no other, but to Enjoy what
 Advan-

Advantages we have notwithstanding their Imperfection; to wait to be Pleas'd till This, and That, and every thing we Mislike is remov'd like the Countrey-man in *Horace*.

*who near Some River's Side
Expecting stands in hopes the running Tide
Will all e'er long, be past; Fool, not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow*
Mr. John Hughes M.S.

There is another Untoward Humour very prevalent with most People, and that is rejecting all Advices by saying 'Tis easy for one that is Happy himself to give Such to the Wretched which Themselves in That Condition could not profit by. If the Advice is Good, 'tis no matter what the Giver Could, or Would do; let Him to whom 'tis given try whether he has Wisdom, and Virtue enough to make his Own Advantage of it.

There are indeed certain Seasons

sons when the Mind is Incapable of Pleasure in any remarkable Degree: whether from the too great Pressure of Calamity; or a Melancholly Cloud spreading it self over all: In this Case the Patient must do as in a Fit of the Head-ach, the Gout, or the like Distemper; bear it as Patiently as he can; things will brighten again. And in the mean time he must not Indolently sink under, but Resolutely bear up against it, and endeavour as soon as possible to get rid of the Mischief; but by no means must he encourage its continuance; nor regard any Reflections he may Then make to his Disadvantage; as being Probably the Voice of his Distemper, not his Reason. Thus in time the Evil may be Remedy'd; and a contrary Habit gain'd: Or if this will not do, the Philosopher, and Divine must deliver up the Patient into the Hands

Hands of the Physician, or rather call him in to their Assistance.

This Deplorable Case excepted; and the Mind being Sound, and Vigorous Vast Improvements may be made in our Pleasures, by Endeavouring and Studying to be Pleas'd.

Instead of Observing what we don't like, and Magnifying That; suppose we should on the contrary apply our Selves to discover the Advantageous Circumstances in every Moment of our Lives, and fix upon, and profit our Selves of Them as much as possible: Would not This be more Commendable; and more for our Interest? There are a thousand instances of things which are Insipid, or even Nauseous to us, but which might become Pleasant: and a thousand, and ten thousand which seem adapted to Please which we suffer to pass by Unregarded. As Imperfect, and Despicable as our Present Condition may appear
to

to be to Some Discontented People there is not a Glance of the Eye, a Morsel we taste, or a Breath we draw but is capable of affording us Pleasure. Every Season of the Year, Every Hour of the Day, Every Circumstance of Life has Some, Proper, and Peculiar to it. We should like Bees suck Sweetness out of every Flower, Not only those in fine Gardens, but those which grow Wild in every Common Field; Nay if possible from every Weed: Even Pain, and Disappointment may be the occasions of admimistering some Pleasure, by a Consciousness of bearing them well, the Improvement of our Philosophical Strength, and giving a Stronger Gust to the Pleasure to be had Elsewhere by the Opposition.

If I were to make a Finish'd Work from this Sketch (which I verily believe I never shall) there is room enough for plentiful Enlargements
every

every where, and Here particularly by giving variety of Instances, to Illustrate, and prove what I have been saying; and I believe it very rarely happens, that any One Circumstance of Life is so well consider'd as it might be with the Design of extracting all possible Pleasures from it. However (besides that of *Connoissance* which is my main Business, and which I shall fully prosecute anon) I will not omit One which every body finds the benefit of in some measure, but which might be improv'd to a Vast Degree, and that is the getting a fine Collection of Mental Pictures; what I mean is furnishing the Mind with Pleasing Images; whether of things Real, or Imaginary; whether of our own forming, or borrow'd from Others. This is a Collection which every one may have, and which will finely employ every vacant moment of ones time. I will give a Specimen
or

or two of these in the Delicate, and in the Great kind, or to speak more like a *Connoisseur*, in the *Parmegiano*, and in the *Rasaelle Taste*; and both out of *Milton* who alone is able to supply us abundantly; or as he himself says speaking of the Sun.

*Hither as to their Fountain other Stars
Repairing in their Golden Urns draw Light.*

What a Croud of Pleasing Images fill the two following lines? they are the beginning of a Sonnet in his Juvenile Poems.

*O Nightingale that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at Ev'n when all the Woods are still.*

Again, in his *Paradise lost*.

*In shady Bower
More Sacred, and Sequestred, tho' but feign'd;
Pan, or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymphs,
Nor Fauns haunted. Here in cool recess
With Flowers, Garlands, and Sweet smelling Herbs;
Espoused Eve deckt first her nuptial Bed,
And Heav'nly Quires the Hymenean sung,*

What

*What day the Genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked Beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their Gifts.*

The other is as Great as ever enter'd into the heart of Man not supernaturally Inspired, if at least this Poet was not so.

*On heav'nly Ground they stood, and from the Shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outragious as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious Winds,
And surging Waves as Mountains to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.*

*Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your Discord end.*

*Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his Voice: Him all his Train
Follow'd in bright Procession to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the Gold n Compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal Store to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round thro' the vast Profundity obscure,
And said thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.*

B b

I will

I will venture to give one Instance more, because 'tis a very Material one, and a Circumstance that is Universal, and which will greatly highthen, and Improve all our Enjoyments; and This is a Sense of the Divine Presence. A Man must have Gross Conceptions of God if he imagines he can be seen in a Future, Better State in any Corporeal Form: Incorporeally we see him Here, his Wisdom, Goodness, Power, and Providence; and this Beatific Vision brightens More, and More to Pure Minds, and that apply themselves to the consideration of it; and Thus 'tis Heaven Here on Earth.

*Yet doubt not but in Valley, and in Plain
God is as * here and will be found alike * Eden
Present, and of his presence many a Sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With Goodness and Paternal Love, his Face
Express, and of his Steps the track Divine.*

Milton.

Thus

Thus I in Contemplation sweet enjoy
 Thy heav'nly Presence, gaze on, and adore
 Thy infinite Perfections when I walk,
 Or sit, or on my Bed lie down, discharg'd
 Of other various, necessary Thoughts:
 In blest Communion I am still with Thee,
 Tho' lowly Rev'rent as before my God;
 But fill'd with Joy, and breathing ceaseless Praise
 For this Inestimable Gift, bestow'd
 After long seeking, with a Heart Upright,
 Yet oft Oppress'd, and oft thro Gloomy Paths
 Conducted, Perturbations, Grievs, Doubts, Fears,
 Innumerable Conflicts, Agonies,
 Watchings, Laborious Studies, and Disputes.

This is the Sketch I promis'd,
 and which I will leave as it is. Happy
 are they who having been set
 right at first have nothing to Un-
 learn; and next to those Happy are
 they who at length know how to
 find Pleasure in all that is Innocent,
 and Good, and Useful to Society:
 Such Enjoy, and that with Safety,
 and Honour;

no Veil
She needed, Virtue-proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her Cheek. Milton.

If Others Enjoy too, 'tis not to that Degree; and with Hazard, and Infamy. Would to God I could be Instrumental in persuading Gentlemen to exchange those trifling, Unmanly, and Criminal Pleasures to which too many are accustomed, for those of the Other, and Better kind: Would to God I could persuade them to Manage Life well; to get Noble Ideas of the Supreme Being; to apply themselves to the Knowledge, and Improvement of Useful, and Excellent Arts; to impregnate their Minds with Pure, and Beautiful Images, and with the Sayings, and Actions of Men capable of reconciling us to Humane Nature after we have been observing what is commonly done in the World; together with a Self-Consciousness of not having Dishonour'd the Species Themselves.

I have no where said that none but a Philosopher, and a Good Christian

stian can take Pleasure in *Connoissance*; but that such a one has a Mind at Ease, and most apt to receive Virtuous Pleasure is incontestable: 'Tis then a proper Disposition to receive That I am about to recommend: Which justifies what I have been doing as to the Attempt, whatever the Performance may be judg'd to be.

That the Pleasure of *Connoissance* is a Virtuous, and a Useful one, and such a one therefore as is worthy the Pursuit of a Wise, and Good Man appears by what has been said heretofore. Wherein this Pleasure consists is what I am Now about to shew: Which will also serve as a Specimen of what may be done in other Instances, a Vast many of which I have observ'd are overlook'd and neglected as well as This:

What is Beautiful, and Excellent is naturally adapted to Please; but All Beauties, and Excellencies are
not

not naturally Seen. Most Gentlemen see Pictures, and Drawings as the Generality of People see the Heavens in a Clear, Starry Night, they perceive a sort of Beauty there, but such a one as produces no great Pleasure in the Mind: But when one considers the Heavenly Bodies as other Worlds, and that there are an Infinite Number of these in the Empire of God, Immensity; and Worlds which our Eyes assisted by the best Glasses can never reach, and so far remote from the most distant of what we see (which yet are so far removed from us that when we consider it our Minds are fill'd with Astonishment) that These Visible ones are as it were our Neighbours, as the Continent of *France* is to *Great Britain*; When one considers farther, That as there are Inhabitants on this Continent tho' we see them not when we see That, 'tis altogether unreasonable to Imagine
that

that those Innumerable Worlds are Uninhabited, and Defart; there must be Beings There, Some perhaps More, Others Less Noble, and Excellent than Man: When one Thus views this Vast Prospect, the Mind is Otherwise affected than Before, and feels a Delight which Common Notions never can administer. So those who at Present cannot comprehend there can be such Pleasure in a good Picture, or Drawing as *Connoisseurs* pretend to find, may Learn to see the same thing Themselves, their Eyes being once open'd 'tis like a New Sense, and New Pleasures flow in as often as the Objects of that Superinduc'd Sight present themselves, which (to People of Condition Especially) very frequently happens, or may be procur'd, whether Here at Home, or in their Travels Abroad. When a Gentleman has learn'd to see the Beauties and Excellencies that are really

really in good Pictures, and Drawings, and which may be learnt by conversing with Such, and applying himself to the consideration of them, he will look upon That with Joy which he Now passes over with very little Pleasure, if not with Indifference: Nay a Sketch, a Scrabble of the Hand of a Great Master will be capable of administering to him a Greater Degree of Pleasure than those who know it not by Experience will easily believe. Besides the Graceful, and Noble Attitudes, the Beauty of Colours, and forms and the fine Effects of Light, and Shadow, which none sees as a *Connoisseur* does, Such a one enters farther than any other Can into the Beauties of the Invention, Expression, and other Parts of the Work he is considering: He sees Strokes of Art, Contrivances, Expedients, a Delicacy, and Spirit that others see not, or very Imperfectly.

He

He sees what a Force of Mind the great Masters had to Conceive Ideas ; what Judgment to see things Beautifully, or to Imagine Beauty from what they saw ; and what a power their Hands were endued withal in a few Strokes, and with Ease to shew to Another what themselves Conceiv'd.

What is it that gives us Pleasure in Reading a History, or Poem, but that the Mind is thereby furnish'd with Variety of Images ? And what distinguishes Some Authors, and sets 'em above the Common Level but their knowing how to Raise their Subject ? The *Trojan*, or *Pe-loponeesian* Wars would never have been thought of by Us if a *Homer*, or a *Thucydides* had not told the Stories of 'em who knew how to do it so as to fill the Mind of their Readers with Great, and Delightful Ideas. He who converses with the Works of the Best Masters is

C c

always

always Reading such like Admirable Authors; and his Mind Consequently proportionally Entertain'd, and Delighted with Fine Histories, Fables, Characters, the Ideas of Magnificent Buildings, Fine Prospects, &c.

And he sees these things in those different Lights, which the various Manners of Thinking of the several Masters sets them; He sees 'em as they are represented by the Capricious, but Vast Genius of *Leonardo da Vinci*; The Fierce, and Gigantick one of *Michel-Angelo*; the Divine, and Polite *Rafaello*; the Poetical Fancy of *Giulio*; the Angelical Mind of *Correggio*, or *Parmeggianino*; the Haughty Sullen, but Accomplish'd *Annibale*, the Learned *Agostino Caracci*, &c.

A *Connoisseur* has this farther Advantage, He not only sees Beauties in Pictures, and Drawings, which to Common Eyes are Invisible;

sible; He Learns by these to see such in Nature, in the Exquisite Forms, and Colours, the Fine Effects of Lights, Shadows, and Reflections which in Her is always to be found, and from whence he has a Pleasure which otherwise he could never have had, and which none with Untaught Eyes can Possibly discern: He has a constant Pleasure of This kind even in the most Common things, and the most Familiar to us, so that what People usually look upon with the utmost Indifference creates great Delight in his Mind. The Noblest Works of *Rafaele*, the most Ravishing Musick of *Hendell*, the most Masterly Strokes of *Milton*, touch not People without Discernment: So the Beauties of the Works of the great Author of Nature are not seen but by Enlighten'd Eyes, and to These they appear far otherwise than before they were so; as we hope to see every thing still near-

er to its true Beauty, and Perfection in a Better State, when we shall see *what our Eyes have not yet seen, nor our Hearts Conceiv'd.*

By conversing with the Works of the Best Masters our Imaginations are Impregnated with Great, and Beautiful Images, which present themselves on all occasions in Reading an Author, or ruminating upon some great Action Ancient, or Modern: Every thing is Rais'd, every thing Improv'd from what it would have been otherwise. Nay those Lovely Images with which our Minds are thus stor'd rise There continually, and give us Pleasure With, or Without any particular Application.

What is Rare, and Curious without any Other consideration we Naturally take Pleasure in; because as Variable as our Circumstances are there is so much of Repetition in Life that more Variety is still desirable.

rable. The Works of the Great Masters would Thus recommend themselves to Us, tho' they had not that Transcendent Excellency as they have; They are such as are Rarely seen; They are the Works of a Small number of the Species in one Little Countrey of the World, and in a short space of time. But their Excellency being put into the Scale makes the Rarity of them justly considerable. They are the Works of Men Like whom None are Now to be found, and When there will be God only knows!

*Art, & Guides tout est dans les Champs Elysées.
La Fontaine.*

What the old Poet *Melanthius* says of *Polygnotus* (as he is cited by *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cimon*) may with a little alteration be apply'd to these Men in General; 'Tis thus Already translated.

*This famous Painter at his own expence
Gave Athens Beauty, and Magnificence;*

New

*New Life to all the Heroes did impart ;
 Embellish'd all the Temples with his Art :
 The Splendor of the State restor'd again :
 And so he did oblige both Gods, and Men.*

And what still adds to the Rarity of the Excellent Works we are speaking of is, Their Number must necessarily diminish by sudden Accidents, or the Slow, but Certain Injuries of Time.

Another Pleasure belonging to *Connoissance* is when we find any thing Particular, and Curious: As the First Thoughts of a Master for some Remarkable Picture. The Original of a Work of a Great Master the Copy of which we have already by some other Considerable Hand. A Drawing of a Picture, or after an Antique very Famous; or which is now lost; Or when we make some New Acquisition upon Reasonable terms; Chiefly when we get for Our Selves something we much desired, but could not hope to be Masters of: When
 we

we make some New Discovery; Something that Improves our Knowledge in *Connoissance*, or Painting, or Otherwise; and Abundance of such like Incidents, and which very frequently happens to a Diligent *Connoisseur*.

The Pleasure that arises from the Knowledge of Hands is not Like, or Equal to that of the other Parts of the Business of a *Connoisseur*; But neither is That destitute of it. When one sees an Admirable piece of Art 'tis part of the Entertainment to know to whom to attribute it, and then to know his History; Whence else is the custom of putting the Author's Picture, or Life at the beginning of a Book?

When one is considering a Picture, or a Drawing, and at the same time thinks This was done by * him who had many extraordinary Endowments of ** Leonardo da Vinci.* Body, and Mind, but was withal very

very Capricious; who was honour'd in Life, and Death, expiring in the Arms of one of the greatest Princes of that Age *Francis I. King of France*, who Loved him as a Friend. Ano-

** Titian.* ther is of * him who liv'd a Long, and Happy Life,

belov'd of *Charles V. Emperor*; and many others of the first Princes of *Europe*. When one has another in his hand, and thinks This was done by † one who so excell'd in Three Arts as that any of

† *Michel-angelo.*

'em in that Degree had render'd him worthy of Immortality; And one that moreover durst contend with his Sovereign (one of the haughtiest Popes that ever was) upon a Slight offer'd to him, and Extricated himself with Honour. Another is the

‡ *Corregio.*

Work of ‡ him who without any one Exterieur Advantage by mere Strength of Genius had the most Sublime Imaginations, and executed them accordingly.

ingly yet liv'd, and dy'd Obscure-
 ly. Another we shall consider as
 the Work of * Him who * *Annibale*
 Restor'd Painting when it *Caracci.*
 was almost Sunk; of him whose Art
 made Honourable; but neglecting,
 and despising Greatness with a sort
 of Cynical Pride was treated suita-
 bly to the Figure he gave himself;
 not his Intrinsic Merit; which not
 having Philosophy enough to bear it
 broke his Heart. Another is done by
 † one who (on the contrary)
 was a fine Gentleman, and † *Rubens.*
 liv'd in great Magnificence, and was
 much honour'd by his Own, and Fo-
 reign Princes; who was a Courtier, a
 Statesman, and a Painter; and so
 much All These that when he acted
 in either Character That seem'd to
 be his Business, and the Others his Di-
 version: I say when one Thus reflects,
 besides the Pleasure arising from
 the Beauties, and Excellencies of
 the Work, the Fine Ideas it gives

us of Natural things, the Noble way of Thinking one finds in it, and the Pleasing Thoughts it May suggest to us, an Additional Pleasure results from These Reflections.

But Oh the Pleasure! when a *Connoisseur*, and Lover of Art has before him a Picture, or Drawing of which he can say This is the Hand, These the Thoughts of *him who was one of the Politest, Best-Natur'd Gentlemen that ever was; and Belov'd, and Assisted by the Greatest Wits, and the Greatest Men then at *Rome*: Of Him Who liv'd in great Fame, Honour, and Magnificence, and dy'd extremely Lamented; and mist a Cardinal's Hat only by dying a few Months too soon; but was particularly Esteem'd, and Favour'd by two Popes, the only ones who fill'd the Chair of *St. Peter* in His time, and as Great Men as ever sat there since that Apostle, if at least He ever did.

One

One (in short) who could have been a *Lionardo*, a *Michelangelo*, a *Titian*, a *Correggio*, a *Parmeggiano*, an *Annibale*, a *Rubens*, or any other when he pleas'd, but none of them could ever have been a *Raffaello*.

*Such as Diana when she sprightly leads
The Dance on cool Eurota's Flow'ry Meads;
Or when the Goddess is delighted more
To chase the Stag, or Skipping Goat, She o're
Huge Tagerus, or Erymanthus flies,
Whilst Hunter's Musick Ecchoes in the Skies:
A Thousand Wood-Nymphs evermore are seen
Surrounding, and Exulting in their Queen,
But She distinguishable is from far,
She Taller, and more Lovely does appear,
Supremely Bright where Ev'ry one is Fair.
Her Daughter Chast Latona saw, she smil'd,
And with transcendent Joy her Heart was fill'd.*

When we compare the Hands, and Manners of One Master with Another, and those of the same Man in different times: When we see the various Turns of Mind, and Excellencies; and above all when we observe what is Well, or Ill in their Works, as it is a Worthy, so

'tis also a very Delightful Exercise of our Rational Faculties:

And there is one Circumstance in it which ought not to be forgotten, and with which I will close this part of my Argument. In Law we are ty'd down to Precedents; in Physick 'tis dangerous treading Un-trodden Paths; in Divinity, Reason tho' flying before the Wind with all her Sails spread must stop if an Article of Faith appears: But in This Study she has her full Course; The Mind finds it self intirely at Liberty, and with her Plumes *winnows the buxom Air* (to use Milton's Style.)

Sometimes
She scours the Right hand coast, sometimes the Left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
Up to the Empyrean tow'ring high.

This is a Pleasure which none but Thinking Men can be Sensible of, and Such know it to be one of the

the

the Greatest, and most Excellent
they can enjoy.

SECT. IV.

I fancy an Author, and a Reader are as two People travelling together; if the Book be in Manuscript, the Writer takes the Other into his Own Calash; if it be Printed 'tis a Common *Voiture*. We have thus been in company longer than I expected, but are now entering upon the last Day's journey. How my Fellow Traveller is affected I know not, but I confess I am pleased I am so near Home.

'Twas formerly a *trite* saying among the *Florentines* (and may be so still for ought I know) *Cosa fatta, Capo hà*; a thing done has a Head; that is, 'till then it has no Life, the Main circumstance is wanting, 'tis good for little. I am always glad when I clap on the
Head

Head to any thing I undertake, because then That Affair is brought to the Perfection I can give it; 'tis Something: and then moreover I am at liberty for a New Enterprize. When I am got to the end of the Present Work (and I am now come to the Last General Division of it) I shall have the satisfaction of having done what I could for my Own Improvement; for he that endeavours to give Light to Another in any matter strikes up some in his Own mind, which probably would never otherwise have kindled there; and I shall enjoy a Consciousness of having try'd to be as Useful to the Publick as my Circumstances would enable me to be: I saw something of this kind was wanting, and did not perceive that 'twas very likely any one else would take the trouble of it. I have therefore offer'd my Present Thoughts on This New Subject, and in as good a Method

as

I could contrive. I am too Sensible of the Fallibility of Humane Understanding, and of my Own in particular to be too well Assured that I am Right Throughout: and shall be glad to be better Inform'd if it appears that I am mistaken in any thing Material: And I have some Pretence to such a Favour having so Freely communicated those Lights I believ'd I had acquired, and that with no small Labour, and Application, in a Matter which I conceiv'd might be of Use to the World. To be Mistaken is a Sin of Infirmary which I pretend not to be exempt from: To persist in the Profession of an Error after Conviction is the Deadly Sin, and which I hope I never shall commit.

We will Now go on; and see what Advantages *Connoissance* brings along with it.

When I was representing the Benefits that might accrue to the Publick

lick by means of the Art of Painting, and *Connoissance* I prov'd it had a Natural tendency to Reform our Manners, Refine our Pleasures, and Increase our Wealth, Power, and Reputation. All these Advantages every Particular *Connoisseur* will have if Prudence accompanies that Character. As to the two former no question can be made concerning Them: Nor of the two Latter, supposing we have those other, and that which alone remains to be consider'd, the Improvement of our Fortunes. Now tho' 'tis true a Man may employ so much Money This way, and in Such a Manner as may not be proportionable to his Circumstances, nor Proper whatever Those are; Yet if (as I said) Prudence is mix'd with *Connoissance* not only This Inconvenience will be avoided, but the contrary Advantage obtain'd; for Money may be as well laid out This way

way as in any Other Purchase whatsoever, 'twill be as Improveable an Estate. There is moreover Another Consideration on this head, and that is; The Pleasure of *Connoissance* will probably come in instead of Others not only less Virtuous, but more Expensive.

I promis'd when I enter'd upon this Argument that I would treat it not as an Advocate, or an Orator, but as a Strict Reasoner; and have no where Deviated from this Rule that I know of: That I have not done so here when I said that *Connoissance* had a Natural tendency to promote our Interest, Power, Reputation, Politeness, and even our Virtue, I refer you to what I have said when I asserted that the Publick might reap all these Advantages by the same Means; and Elsewhere in this Discourse. But as I would not Exaggerate any thing, neither must I forbear to do Right

to the Cause I have undertaken, which I should not have done if I had Slightly pass'd over this Important Article, and had not taken care to give it these *Strong Touches* so as to make it Conspicuous, that it may have a due effect upon the Mind of the Reader.

As my Discourse is address'd to Gentlemen in General I am not to insist upon those Advantages which are Peculiar to Painters, and Sculptors, and such other Artists as have relation to These; Which Advantages are very considerable; not so much from the Knowledge of Hands, and how to distinguish Copies from Originals; (tho' that is Something) but to know accurately to discover the Beauties, and Defects of a Picture, or Drawing they must readily acknowledge will not a little contribute to their own Improvement in their Art: This however not being proper to be insisted on

on Here I prosecute it no farther;
but leave it to be seriously considered by those Concern'd.

To be a *Connoisseur* is to have an Accomplishment which tho'tis not Yet reckon'd amongst those Absolutely necessary to a Gentleman; he that possesses it is always Respected, and Esteem'd upon that Account.

And if it be consider'd what Qualifications a good *Connoisseur* must necessarily have it will be found it cannot be otherwise. What Beautiful Ideas! Clearly Conceiv'd, Strongly Retain'd, and Artfully Manag'd! What a Solid, and Unbias'd Judgment! What a Fund of Historical, Poetical, and Theological Science must He have; and cannot fail by perpetually conversing with Good Pictures, and Drawings always to Improve, and Increase! I will not go on to multiply particulars: He that has These in any Tolerable

Degree will be allow'd to have an Accomplishment which all Gentlemen Ought to have; and will be Esteem'd accordingly.

When the *Roman* Power was broken, and dissipated; and Arts, Empire, and Common Honesty were succeeded by Ignorance, Superstition, and Priest-Craft, the Dishonour of Humane Nature was Compleated; for 'twas Begun long before in *Greece*, and *Asia*. In these Miserable times, and for Ages afterwards, God knows there was no *Connoisseurs!* to Write, and Read was Then an Accomplishment for a Prince to value himself upon. As the Species began to Recover themselves, and to gain more Strength, Literature, and Painting also lifted up their heads; but however not Equally; That Degree of Vigour that serv'd to produce a *Dante* in Writing, could rise no higher than a *Giotto* in Painting.

Arts

Arts went on in this proportion
 'till the Happy Age of *Rafaelle*,
 which was productive of several ve-
 ry great Men in All kinds; and
 These parts of the World began to
 be Re-civiliz'd.

Our own Countrey

An Old, and Haughty Nation, Proud in Arms
 Milton.

Shook off its *Gothick* Rust, and be-
 gan early to Imitate its Neigh-
 bours in Politeness; in which it has
 Already (for this Revolution was
 but about 200 Years ago) Equall'd,
 if not gone Beyond the rest in a
 great many Instances: If we go on
 the time will come when it shall
 be as dishonourable for a Gentle-
 man not to be a *Connoisseur*, as Now
 'tis not to be Able to read any o-
 ther than his Own Language; or
 not to see the Beauties of a Good
 Author.

Painting is but another Sort of
 Writing, but like the Hieroglyphicks
 anci-

anciently 'tis a Character not for the Vulgar: To read it, is not only to know that 'tis such a Story, or such a Man, but to see the Beauties of the Thought, and Pencil; of the Colouring, and Composition; the Expression, Grace, and Greatness that is to be found in it: and not to be able to do This is a Sort of Illiterature, and Unpoliteness.

And accordingly in Conversation (when as it frequently does) it turns upon Painting, a Gentleman that is a *Connoisseur* is distinguish'd, as one that has Wit, and Learning is; That being the Subject of Discourse.

On the contrary, Not to be a *Connoisseur* on such occasions either Silences a Gentleman, and Hurts his Character; Or he makes a much Worse Figure in pretending to be what he is Not to those who see his Ignorance. See you not (said *Apelles* to *Megabydes* Priest of *Diana*)

na) that the Boys that grind my Colours, who whilst you are Silent look upon you with Respect because of the Gold, and Purple of your Garments, no sooner hear you Talk of what you Understand Not but they Laugh at you.

Those who are *Connoisseurs* have this farther Advantage; They will have no occasion to Ask, or Rely upon the Judgment of Others; They can Judge for Themselves.

Those who ARE *Connoisseurs*: I repeat it because there are some who fancy they are so, and are Thought to be so by others, who nevertheless have no better Pretence to that Character than a Superstitious Bigot, or a Hypocrite has to true Piety. 'Tis an Observation (as I remember) of my Lord Bacon, tho' 'tis no matter Who has said it, if it be True, that *a Little Philosophy makes a Man an Atheist; a Great deal a good Christian*: So a Little *Connoissance* sets a Man at a Greater,

er distance from the Advantages of a true *Connoisseur* than if he had None; if by his too good Opinion of his Own Abilities, or the Prejudices of his Friends, or Flattery of his Dependents he is persuaded to stop There, imagining That Little is All. For such a one not only is very apt to make himself the Subject of Ridicule to the Knowing, whatever he may appear to the Ignorant; but besides he lies open to Those whose Business it is to Find out, and Profit themselves of such Self-Sufficient, Abortive *Connoisseurs*; who will be sure to believe themselves a Match for Them who are their Superiours in this Case; and consequently be Over-power'd by them; whereas one that has no Opinion at all of his own Strength will keep himself out of Danger. Gentlemen must take care therefore that they don't suppose themselves to be *Connoisseurs* too Soon, and
without

without Principles, and Experience; Especially if they undertake to Collect; and pique themselves of Hands, and Originals. Tho' if I may have the Honour to Advise in This Case they should begin with no other View than to have the Best things; the rest will fall in in Time, and with Observation, and Care if they resolve to be Compleat *Connoisseurs* in all Respects.

At our first coming into the World we are but in a low Degree even of Animal Life, growing up however to a more Perfect one; and in a sort of Probationary State towards Rational Being; as when we arrive to That we are (as our Holy Religion teaches us) Candidates for a Glorious Immortality.

With Time our Strength increases naturally, and we become more Considerable Animals; and by Observation, and Instruction every one acquires a certain Share of Art, and

F f

Science,

Science, partly Insensibly, and partly by direct Application ; in proportion to which we are advanc'd in the Rational State.

*To how Minute an Origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau !*
Garth.

*Homer, and Milton Once were not Divine,
The hand of Rafaele could not draw a Line,
And Lock, and Newton Once had Thoughts like
Mine.*

But to what height soever 'tis possible for Humane Nature to arrive, and howsoever Extensive their Capacity may be, Every Individual is a sort of *Centaur*, a mixt Creature ; in some respects a Rational Being, in Others a mere Animal ; like the Whymfical Picture *Vasari* speaks of at the end of the Life of *Taddeo Zuccaro*, and which he says was then in the Collection of the Cardinal *de Monte* ; in Some Views you might see the Portrait of *Hen. 2. of France* ; In Others the same Face, but Revers'd,

vers'd, and in Others a Moon, and an Anagramatical Copy of Verses. Every Man Thus may be consider'd in Various Lights; In One, where he has sprung out the farthest length from the Animal, into the Rational State; in Another, where he has made less Advances; and Some where he remains just where he was in his Infancy.

For we have not Abilities of Body, and Mind, nor Time sufficient allotted to any one of us to make any Considerable Progress in Many Paths, and by much the greater number stop short without being Excellent in any one Art, or Science how Mean soever it be.

Upon this Account it is that we are Excus'd if in Many Instances we are Intirely Ignorant; 'tis no Reflection upon us if we are mere Animals in Some Views, and depend upon Other people; who also are

Low Creatures in Some respects, but Noble Beings in regard to such Attainments in which We are Defective; Herein They are our Superiours, our Guides, our Lords; They are Rational Beings, and We not, or but in an Inferiour degree. Thus we are All dependent upon each other to supply our Single Imperfection: But this is no otherwise an Excuse than from the Necessity of Things; For 'tis Unworthy a Rational Being to retain any of the Brute which he can possibly divest himself of.

As 'tis Dishonourable, So 'tis Inconvenient to be in a State of Dependence, and Pupillage; Our Condition approaches towards Perfection in proportion as we have the Necessaries, and Ornaments of Life within our Selves, and need not to have recourse to Foreign Assistance; which cannot be had without part-
ing

ing with something of our Own judg'd to be Equivalent: Besides, Another Man will rarely apply himself so diligently to My Concerns as to his Own, Nor can I be Assured of his Integrity in Any Case; In Some there is great reason to Suspect it; and in Some Others 'tis even Unreasonable to expect Any Man will open himself entirely to me.

'Tis true a Gentleman may be in such Circumstances as permit him not (consistent with the Character of a Wise Man) to apply himself to become a very good *Connoisseur*: 'Tis not to such as These, but to Those many who have Leisure, and Opportunity, I have been taking the liberty humbly to recommend That Study: Such as These however may think fit to Collect Pictures, or Drawings; These things have their Uses, and Beauties even to those who see them but Superficially, and These
Circum-

Circumstances may justify such a one in Submitting to the Direction, and Advice of Another upon the Best Terms, and with as much Prudence as he can; as in Law, Physick, or any Other Case: But it must be Own'd, That 'tis Better, 'tis more for Our Honour, and Interest if as in all Other Cases, so in This we are Sufficiently Qualified to Judge for Our Selves.

'Tis the Glory of the Protestant Church; and especially of the Church of *England*, as being Indubitably the Head of the Reformed Churches; and so upon That Account, as well as the Purity, and Excellency of its Doctrines, and the Piety, and Learning of its Clergy (so far as I am able to judge) the Best National Church in the World: I say 'tis the Glory of the Reformation that thereby Men are set at liberty to judge for Themselves

selves: We are Thus a Body of
 Free-Men; not the Major part in
 Subjection to the rest. Here we are
 all *Connoisseurs* as we are Protestants;
 tho' (as it must needs happen) Some
 are Abler *Connoisseurs* than Others.
 And we have abundantly experi-
 enc'd the Advantages of This since
 we have Thus resum'd our Natural
 Rights as Rational Creatures. May
 the like Reformation be made, in
 a matter of much less Importance
 indeed, but considerable enough to
 justify my Wishes, and Endeavours;
 I mean in relation to *Connoissance*:
 May every one of us in This Case
 also be able to judge for our Selves,
 without Implicitly, and Tamely re-
 signing our Understandings to those
 who Are Naturally our Equals, and
 the Advantages will be proportion-
 able.

A Man that thinks Boldly, Free-
 ly, and Thoroughly; that stands up-
 on

on his Own Legs, and sees with his Own Eyes, has a Firmness, and Serenity of Mind which he that is Dependent upon Others has Not, or Cannot Reasonably have. Nor is he so liable to be Imposed upon: Whereas Others are subject to be driven about by the Breath of Men, which is always blowing Strongly from Every Point of the Compass.

If any one tells a true *Connoisseur* that such a Picture or Drawing of His is a Copy; or not so Good; or of so Good a Hand as He judges it to be: Or if Some say One thing, and some Another; tho' in times past This might have given him much Uneasiness: Now, if he sees the Incontestable Marks of an Original; the Unquestionable Characteristicks of the Hand; and judges of its Goodness upon Principles which he sees to be such as may be rely'd on; What is said to the contrary disturbs

not

not Him. So if a Drawing, or Picture be offered him as being of the Hand of the Divine *Rafaëlle*; if he is told there is Undoubted, or Infallible Tradition for its having been in the *Arundell* Collection; and bought by my Lord in *Italy*; but not 'till he had had it consider'd by the Best Judges there; and even Examin'd in the Academy of Painters at *Rome*, in which there might probably have been Some at That time old enough to have seen Those that had seen *Rafaëlle*; Or as an *Italian* Writer in the Hyperbolical Style of that Nation says *had seen the Lord*. Yet if This Judicious *Connoisseur* sees in it no Fine Thought, no Just, nor Strong Expression, no Truth of Drawing, no Good Composition, Colouring, or Handling; in short neither Grace, nor Greatness; but that on the contrary 'tis Evidently

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the Work of some Bungler, the
Confident Pretences concerning it
impose not on Him; He knows it
Is not, it Cannot possibly be of *Ra-
faelle.*

F I N I S.



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